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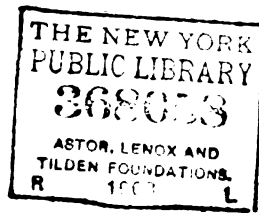
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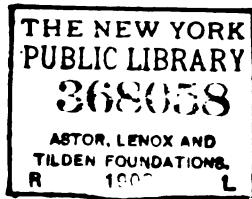
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APRIL-JUNE, 1905.

No. 1.

INSTINCT, REASON AND INTUITION—THE CAREER
FROM BEAST-HOOD TO GOD-HOOD.

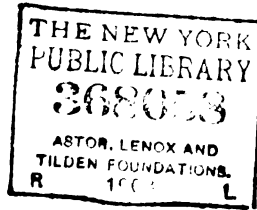
BY DR. AXEL E. GIBSON.

"Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe:
There is an inmost center in us all,
Where truth abides in fullness; and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
~~This perfect clear perception—which is truth;~~

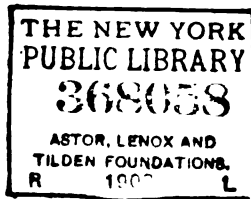
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"Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe:
There is an inmost center in us all,
Where truth abides in fullness; and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect clear perception—which is truth;
A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
Blinds it, and makes all error; and to *know*
Rather consists in opening out a way
When the imprisoned splendor may escape,
Then in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without."

—*Browning.*

The various phases or degrees of life, scaling the infinite thermometer of Universal Consciousness, can all be relegated to the one or the other of its three categories: *Instinct, Reason and Intuition.*

Instinct constitutes the consciousness which regulates the movements of the animal—and of still lower kingdoms. Reason, with its flickering torch, lights up the intricate windings of the ordinary human life, while Intuition reveals to us that superior and indestructible quality of consciousness which, when received in the hearts of men, makes of them prophets, saints or seers. And as Instinct appears to be the unconditional and unmeditative obedience to the laws of nature, and Intuition the self-conscious surrender to the admonitions of divine wisdom, so Reason is to be considered as the individual elaboration, the analyzing and synthesizing of objects of physical perception—the process through which the raw material of every day's observation and experience is turned into infer-

ences, conceptions and beliefs. Thus, Instinct is spiritual *revelation*, Reason *spiritual composition*, and Intuition *spiritual inspiration*.

While these three categories of consciousness have each their special field, or center, of manifestation, yet the lines of demarcation between these may frequently overlap each other. Thus, the weighing and sifting of probabilities—peculiar to Reason—may often be traceable in the behavior of highly trained dogs, horses and other intelligent animals, while on the other hand many an action of man gives evidence of being impelled by Instinct. Again, we may sometimes, in our ordinary life, catch glimpses of a super-sensuous light shed by Intuition on some intricate problem with which the labors of Reason were inadequate to cope.

Instinct guides the movements of the animal. Its decisions are imperative and unerring. Belonging more to the order of a universal than individual consciousness, Instinct knows no fear or hesitancy in the execution of its impulses. Its marvelous accuracy as a discerning, selecting and qualifying power—far transcending the labors of reason—leads the animal through the numberless pitfalls and dangers, threatening its existence, with a truly miraculous safety.

Instinct, in contradistinction from Reason, is not a compound, but a simple quality—a direct, uncolored, uncorrupted flow of conscious life. Hence its accuracy and unerring vision. To its source and origin Instinct is not *of* the animal, but *through* it. The animal is not its own guide, in the strict meaning of the term, but placed under the guardianship of intelligent forces which execute their mandates in and through the animal consciousness. When, in the case of domesticated animals, the human being transfers this guardianship on himself, so to say, the former guardians partly withdraw, and the work of Instinct is no longer entirely reliable. Moreover, being constantly subjected to the influence of the human mind, the animal consciousness may gradually be able to respond to it and yield growing signs of reason.

However strikingly the animals may display powers of apparent reasoning, which in some cases—as, for instance, in Lord Romaine's famous dogs—almost reaches a point of human intelligence, their intellectual equipment can in no way be regarded as an output of natural evolution, but rather the induction or hypnotic influence received from the dominating kingdom above it. This transmission

of power from entities of a superior to those of an inferior sphere of existence, has its correspondence on the mineral plane where a non-magnetic, soft piece of iron can be rendered magnetic by the mere contact of a natural magnet. And, as in the latter case, the induced magnet, after a longer or shorter time of isolation, will lose its borrowed qualities, so, in the case of the animal, a removal from the source of its intelligence by turning it loose into unrestrained wilderness, will gradually blot out its intellectual qualities and restore it to the sphere of natural Instinct.

Reason is superior to Instinct only because of its self-conscious movements. In point of keenness of perception and power of discernment, Instinct is as yet superior to human Reason. Thus, "the birch-weevil (*Rhynchites betulæ*), towards the end of May, cuts strips of the leaves of the birch, rolling them into funnel-shaped chambers, and marking out suitable cradles for its eggs. Debay has copied these leaf-sections with the greatest exactitude, and Heis found, after careful investigation, that for their particular purposes they agree perfectly even in the smallest technical details, with results of calculation only to be arrived at by help of certain parts of higher mathematics, which had remained unknown up to a recent date in that science."

The capacity of the beaver as designer and builder has rightly puzzled the man of science; but perhaps of all instinctive intelligence none has attained a higher point than that of the bee. An example may be cited. In the beginning of the last century Professor Reamur invited the scientific world to solve the problem involved in the relations of form to measurements. As, for instance, in the case of a parallelogram, what interrelations would be required of its angles that the space inscribed by them should obtain the largest possible capacity?

To this, Dr. König, in Heidelberg, furnished a solution in the formula: $109^{\circ} 26' \times 70^{\circ} 34'$ as measurements of the angles in the ensuing figure. Satisfied with the statement, Professor Reamur declared the problem solved.

Some time later, however, a new solution came in, this time not from a scientist, but from the proprietor of a large apiary in Scotland. His measure of that ideal parallelogram differed from Dr. König by 1'—his formula being $109^{\circ} 25' \times 70^{\circ} 33'$, and after a scrupulous examination Professor Reamur felt himself constrained

to award the honor of the ultimate solution to the Scotchman. The latter, however, declared that the honor was not due to him, but to the bees in his apiary, whose honey-cells he had copied! The impression of this wonderful mathematical feat is accentuated by the circumstance that a ship some time afterward stranded on the banks of the Bay of Biscay on account of a misstatement in the logarithms of the nautical almanac, on which the captain of the vessel had based his calculations.

Now, it happened that this very logarithm was used by Dr. Konig in working out the problem of the parallelogram. Hence his failure to find a proper solution. The editor of the almanac lost no time in changing the logarithm in accordance with the instructions furnished by the bees. Notwithstanding the complex mental apparatus at the disposal of man, he found his ingenuity eclipsed by an insect, the brain of which is almost too minute for measuring.

In one of his works, Charles Darwin tells of a chimpanzee ape who, unable to crack a nut with his teeth, did it with a stone. Who taught him? Being hungry and unable to crack the nut, he brooded over his necessity, he so desired and yearned for success that at last he drew unspeakable enlightenment from the all-knowledge with which his animal consciousness was in correspondence. Another example as to the wonderful intelligence exhibited in instinct may be cited in the Texas hog, who, by eating a certain plant, cures the effect of the bite of a rattlesnake.

From this it follows, as an irrefutable fact, that Instinct as an expression of consciousness is *sui generis*, and employs a method all its own. Instinct is a ready-made statement of law worked out and revealed to the animal by invisible intelligences in whose charge the lower kingdoms of nature are placed. For the same unerring statement of law obtains also in the forms and structures of the vegetable and mineral kingdoms. They all stand under guardianship of specialized spiritual forces and depend for their safety and growth on preconceived and predetermined issue.

But the organisms, which, under incalculable ages of time serve as channels for these issues, became gradually more and more plastic and responsive to the intelligence transmitted through them, and began when the evolutionary ascent reached an altitude, touching the kingdom of man to take cognizance of themselves as distinct

entities—individual centers of consciousness. From this stage of evolution dates the rise of individual self-consciousness, *i. e.*, the kingdom of man.

The feeling of self-consciousness in the entity gives birth to reason, for reason is the result of the individual discovering himself as a being, separate from others, with desires, wants and methods of adaptation peculiar to himself. The introduction of reason and self-consciousness on the scene of natural evolution generated in the individual a quality of determination and independent choice, resulting in personal *will*. Here instinct gives the field to reason; the individual discards his guardians, grasps the reins of self-government in his own hand, and commences to "question the stars for himself."

This move establishes the kingdom of man and the autocratic rule of Reason. Regarded as the arbiter of every problem of life, Reason alone is qualified to determine as to the value, or non-value, the reality, or non-reality, of nature's prestations. Depending upon the five senses for intelligence, he who is solely ruled by reason makes them the sole counsellors in the administrations of his sensuous commonwealth, there whatever the eye does not see, the ear hear or the hand feel, etc., may in vain plead for citizenship.

Though depending for its reliability upon the more or less imperfect condition of the sense-organs by and through which it operates—the entrance, however, of Reason in the field of the evolution of consciousness denotes that the soul has reached a point of development when its inherent creative functions have begun to assert themselves. For all reasoning is creative—creative of either truth or falsehood, according to the condition of the material with which it deals and the advantages under which it operates. Thus, while animal instinct is vastly more reliable than human reasoning, yet, by being a mere passive yielding to the promptings of the intelligent creative forces in the lower kingdoms of nature, it is, as we have seen, not productive of independent and self-conscious effort.

With reason is introduced free-will in evolution, as it is first through reason that spiritual intelligence takes issue in volition. The animals and plants follow blindly their impulses, as the latter always prompt in conformity with the laws of health and progress. First in man begins the friction; his desires and passions urge toward one line of action—his physical, mental and spiritual health

demands another. While in the lower kingdom appetites run in parallel lines with constitutional wants, in man the tumultuous cravings of his senses frequently clash most violently with his personal welfare. In these convulsive struggles between nature and artifice, between pleasure and duty, between the animal and the divine, reason at some point or other in the evolution of man must be the sole arbiter and executioner.

By virtue of his reason the individual may go onward or backward; may speed on with Titan-strides toward his goal if he so choose, or rush down into ignoble depths of despair in a corresponding ratio. Thus reason endows man with God-properties and equips him with creative powers. The labors of reason are original and, taken in their nobler aspects, raise the individual toward the dignity of God-hood. The animal, propelled by instinct, remains under guardianship; under the auspices of reason the individual throws off the guardianship and becomes his own guardian, his own judge, his own witness and his own stern accuser. This transition from instinct to self-conscious judgment is freighted with gravest importance, as it constitutes the critical moment of individualized existence, the moment when the hour has struck for either promotion or degradation in the great college of universal existence. From this moment on begins the real manhood of universal life.

Thus reason furnishes the training school for the soul upon its journey toward self-consciousness. It is in the realm of reason that the advancing entity has to fight his most daring battles, has to win his most hard-won mental and moral conquests. But how many Pyrrhus-like victories! What avalanches of mistakes reason precipitates upon us! What abysses of errors and failures we are plunged into over and over again before the untried charioteer has acquired skill and experience in the management of his fiery Helios! A constant sifting of evidences, a weighing and measuring of facts, rejection and acceptance of theories, forming and breaking up of beliefs, "with noble wrecks of ruinous perfection."

The unceasing struggles of the soul in man to wrench the truth of life from its hiding-place in the phenomenal world must gradually exhaust the treasures of knowledge which that world is capable of yielding. But the thirst of the soul for knowledge and wisdom is unquenchable. For the soul, being an emanation of the Absolute and subjected to the laws of Ever-Being, must rise in consciousness

from plane to plane till it reaches its spiritual level—the source “from which all proceed and to which all must return.”

As in the course of the evolution of physical forms, the one sense after another is called into action to meet the requirements of ever-new and more complex environments, so in the evolution of the soul—spiritual evolution—new channels of consciousness open up to connect the entity with ever-new and grander conditions of being.

Unselfish love, sympathy, universal brotherhood, ideal beauty, holiness, etc., belong to a sphere of consciousness of which Reason, through its attending agency of sense-perception, can tell us nothing. Finer and infinitely more delicately wrought media than the physical senses are required for a cognition of the transfigured presences dwelling on these exalted planes.

The effulgent radiance of this purer world can be endured only by a purified inner vision, and the harmonies of the spheres remain silent to all who have not evolved an inner sense of hearing. For what is sympathy, but the *feeling* of the soul through a cuticle, before the anatomy of which the keenest microscope falls powerless; or love, if not the inner, the spiritual aspect of attraction, which, in the heart of hearts, has its center of gravity.

Every phase or conception of consciousness which transcends the cognizance of sense-perception—the purely reasoning and intellectualizing mind—pertains to the sphere of intuition. What to the mind whose intuitional properties are latent or merely brooding appears as an impenetrable mystery, becomes to the purified vision forms and essences of transcending beauty and sacredness.

The account Mozart gives in his daybook of the process through which his inspired mind received the divine outpourings of his musical genius clearly set forth the world-wide difference in character between intellection and intuition: “When I am all right and in good spirits, either in a carriage or walking, or at night when I cannot sleep, thoughts come streaming in at their best. Whence and how I know not—cannot make out. The things which occur to me I keep in my head, and hum them also to myself—at least so others have told me. If I stick to it, there soon come one after another useful crumbs for the pie, according to counterpoint, harmony of the different instruments, etc. This now inflames my soul—that is, if I am not disturbed. Then it keeps on growing, and

I keep on expanding it and making it more distinct, and the thing, however long it be, becomes, indeed, almost finished in my head, so that I can afterwards survey it in spirit like a beautiful picture or a fine person, and also hear it in imagination—not, indeed, successively, as by and by it must come out, but as altogether. That is a delight! All the invention and construction go on in me as in a strong, fine dream. But the overhearing it all at once is still the best.”

The same principle applies equally to the true painter, sculptor and poet. Notwithstanding their seeming originality of conception, the greatest geniuses which have ever embellished this world with the masterpieces of their divine art, have, in reality, been the elect copyists of images and presences revealing themselves to the purified vision of the soul. Through the awakening of his intuitional faculties, the true artist enters a sphere of consciousness where new worlds and systems swing into existence—worlds peopled with beings and objects of transcending beauty and loveliness.

The question might be raised where these worlds spoken of are supposed to be located. We answer: anywhere, above, below, about us. There is all space to choose in. Light and sound, to use an illustration, become objective to us through their vibratory relations to our sense-organs. A few more or a few less vibrations, and they escape our sensation. Sound ceases to be appreciable by the auditory nerve after its undulations reach a swiftness of 40,000 vibrations per second, and light becomes objective only after its vibrations commence to strike the retina of our eye at the rate of 400,000,000,000,000 per second. What undreamed-of creations occupy the immense territory bordering, on the one side, to audible side (40,000 vibrations per second), and on the other to visible light (400,000,000,000,000 vibrations per second), our sensation does not reveal. But intuition does.

It is from this celestial gallery of living pictures the artist selects his models. It has been said of Raphael's "Madonnas" that their loveliness and sacred beauty are not of earth, as the exalted purity of their animation is nowhere to be found among women of this world. When Guido Reni was ordered to execute a sacred painting in the Church of the Capuchins at Rome, representing the angel Saint Michael, he is quoted by Dryden to have wished himself "to have the wings of an angel, to have ascended unto Paradise and there to have beheld the form of those beautiful spirits, from which

I might have copied my archangel. But not being able to mount so high it was in vain for me to seek for a resemblance here below ; so that I was forced to look into my own mind and into that idea of beauty which I have formed in my own imagination."

Yet, though intuition belongs to this higher and purer sphere of life, its inspired messages are in no way to be considered as impracticable or dealing with the issues of our everyday existence. There is no vocation, however simple, in which intuition cannot be utilized. Its dazzling truths will light up every condition in life and improve on all methods. Every step of advance in trades, sciences, arts and religions is due directly or indirectly to the conscious or unconscious workings of intuition.

This superior faculty of knowledge—by Emanuel Kant called "Direct Knowing"—has been exercised to more or less extent by the world's greatest minds of all ages, giving color, tone and form to their creative labors. The artist, limited in his work to motives introduced into his mind by the agency of his reason and sense-perception, shall never succeed in stirring our heart. His prestations address only the senses and the intellect, and fail to fill the mission expected by all true art—the moral and spiritual elevation of man.

Overlapping the borders of Reason as the latter overlaps instinct, intuition often directs the labors of Reason. The sphere of Reason extends horizontally, so to say ; the sphere of Intuition, vertically. Reason leads onward ; Intuition upward. Reason is of Earth, Intuition of Heaven.

Every grand discovery was ever foreshadowed by Intuition. Standing on the vantage-ground of eternal truth, those Great Ones, touched by the forked tongues of Intuition, emit sparks of holy fire into the minds of men, lighting up the obscure labyrinths of materialistic researches. The revelations made by a soul thus illumined serve as working-material for whole eras of investigators and constitute epochs in the history of human culture.

Intuition discovers, Reason examines and classifies. Carlyle, Napoleon, Humboldt, Bruno, Mohammed, Christ and Buddha have created enduring commonwealths of thought ; have enunciated truths, the elaboration and assimilation of which have employed vast hordes of men during long ages, changed the destinies of nations and inaugurated new eras.



Fired by intuition, the genius blazes out highways through unknown continents, throws open impassable regions, while Reason, with its vast machinery of scientific data, proceeds to follow in the wake, exploring and appropriating the new-won ideal territories.

Belief in a supersensual and pure world has in no way been limited to minds susceptible to hallucinations and religious fanaticisms. Lord Lytton, in one of his most eloquent passages, touches on the inconsistency of science, which, while acknowledging the myriads of invisible lives present in a drop of water, discountenances the idea of a universe peopled with intelligent entities.

"Admitting, as science does, that even man himself is a world to other lives, and millions of myriads dwell in the rivers of his blood and inhabit man's frame as man inhabits earth, common sense would suffice to teach that circumfluent, infinite, what you call space—the boundless—incalculable which divides earth from the moon and stars—is filled also with its appropriate life."

In a similar strain talks Locke: "That there should be more species of intelligent creatures above us than there is of sensible and material below us, is probable to me from hence, that in all the visible and corporeal worlds we see no chasms or gaps, * * * and when we consider the infinite power and wisdom of the Maker, we have reason to think that it is suitable to the magnificent harmony of the universe, and the great design and infinite goodness of the Architect that the species of creatures should also by gentle degrees ascend upward from us toward his infinite perfection as we see they gradually descend from us downward; which, if it be probable, we have reason then to be persuaded that there are far more creatures above us than there are beneath; we being in degrees of perfection much more remote from the infinite being of God than we are from the lowest state of being, and that which approaches next to nothing."

The same thought has inspired Tennyson in his poem, "The Two Voices":

"This truth within thy mind rehearse
That in a boundless universe
Is boundless better, boundless worse.
Think you this mould of hopes and fears
Could find no statelier than his peers
In yonder hundred million spheres?"

If the *sphere* of Intuition has thus received able support from

some of the foremost thinkers and students of our time, the *faculty* of intuition has gained no less prominent recognition. M. Taine, the renowned French historian and art critic, calls intuition "that dangerous and superior faculty by which man imagines or discerns in an isolated fact all the probabilities of which it is capable; a kind of second sight proper to prophets and somnambulists."

Furthermore, Max Müller, in "Chips from a German Work-shop," makes the statement that "there is in man a faculty for correspondence with the Infinite of which the outcome is religion."

"Our highest degree of knowledge," writes Locke, "is intuitive, without reasoning. Its statements are certain beyond all doubt and need no probation nor can have any, this being the highest of all human certainty."

Having ascertained the fact of intuition, the next thing to ascertain is how this marvelous faculty can be developed. It can be done by establishing connection with inner powers of life and consciousness. Every human being possesses an inner, a spiritual, set of perceptive functions—ever ready to serve when called upon. But the prerequisite for all interior attainment lies in the mental attitude of certainty as to the possibility of the attainment. This means that faith must be called into action. For faith is the coin by which the soul buys its spiritual powers. Faith is an act of willing capable of shaking the life-structure to its very foundations. Faith will cure sickness, restore life, remove mountains and pile Helicons upon Ossas.

Having the required faith, its practical application lies in our manner of living and acting. As we all know, a man's sense-consciousness consists in the life-current taking its course through the plane to which his ordinary senses are related. The self-consciousness thus arising has in Reason its co-ordinating and synthesizing power. If, however, the life-current could be induced to discharge its vitalizing flow of energy into some interior set of sense-manifestation—a sense of life of which we sometimes are reminded in exalted dreams when the ordinary senses are at rest—the soul would become self-conscious on that truer and purer plane. The soul-force, like other forces, follows the lines of least resistance. Thus, to effect a change in its course it is necessary to lessen the resistance on lines where we are desirous to lead the current, while increasing the resistance on the old familiar lines from which we wish to have it

removed. At present the physical sensation, in the great majority of cases, offers the least resistance. It has, in consequence, the entire exhausture of the life-current on the physical plane.

To invoke the power of intuition, means to transfer our interests from sensuous to spiritual concerns, and to employ the mind with the contemplation of supersensuous concepts in place of pondering upon objects of the senses and on their gratifications. To contemplate on the nature of the soul, on the destiny of humanity and on the inter-dependence in which all beings stand to each other, necessitates the mediation of sense-functions sufficiently refined and spiritualized to permit of such exalted transports. The transfer of vital interests from the plane of ordinary sensation will act obstructively to the flow of the life-current and force it into other channels. The new channels will form in the wake of the new interests, and if these be of spiritual nature, the life-current will well up on that exalted plane and quicken hitherto slumbering sense-functions into activity. The establishment of self-consciousness on that plane of life equips man with intuitional powers. This intuition, or what might be termed sense-activity on the spiritual plane, is only to be attained through the renunciation of all lower, selfish interests and the subsequent creation of new and nobler ones, embracing the needs and hopes of humanity.

To live for *the whole* is in the truest sense to live for one's self, as the self, being a part of the whole, receives, through reaction, the multiplied results of the unselfish effort. To aspire toward intuition means to forget self with its earth-bound concerns and to try to melt the individual consciousness into the universal. The individual must surround himself with ideals of highest purity and in his daily life try to realize himself as a cosmic citizen, constantly actuated by principles and motives of universal bearing.

To gain entrance into the realm of intuition or the kingdom of angels, the aspirant must shun no trials, fear no failures. Again, he must place his mind on the spirit and try to fasten his soul-energies on the unseen and the unheard. He shall try to live himself into the actual presence of an inner world and to adjust his sense-functions to the requirements of that world. An arduous, unceasing endeavor to live up to the ideal by purifying every center of action and every movement of thought shall sooner or later unlock the door to the sanctuary. "Ask and it shall be given you ;

seek and ye shall find ; knock and it shall be opened unto you." To the purified vision the spirit shall reveal its riches.

The development aimed at is of the heart, not of the head. Any other training than a moral and an ethical, any other discipline than in the service of God and humanity, shall lead the aspirant not to the light-spheres of spiritual vision, but to spheres darkened by the twilights of his self-love, self-satisfaction and egotism. Exclusive interest in self means isolation, contraction and final death ; while inter-human or universal interests, connecting man with all the mighty force-centers of being, mean expansion, growth and boundless life.

The man of the future will be guided in his mental labors not by the unstable light of reason, but by the calm, unerring illumination of intuition. Already the advance-guard of humanity is approaching the borders of that sacred land of promise. The sympathy which sways some hearts with a power enabling the individual to "take on conditions," *i. e.*, to feel the joys or sorrows, hopes and fears, as these shades of consciousness arise in the minds of his fellow men, is the budding of the plant, the fruit of which will be the full attainment of that divine gift. For intuition enables its owner to follow the fluidic movement of the soul with the same certainty as physical vision permits the eye to watch the movement of the body. The sunrise of intuition in the soul of a purified humanity must have foreshadowed the grand English poet when he wrote :

"Oh ! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft across the land
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea
Through all the circle of the golden year?"

AXEL E. GIBSON.

THE UNDYING SOUL.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D., F. A. S.

Death does not differ at all from Life, says Thalès, the Ionian sage. Instead of extinction of being it is only another phase in the career, a changing of the scenery in the theater of activity, the opening of a new chapter in the book of life. We have no good cause to think of it with dread, or to regard it as a calamity entailed upon us by an unpropitious destiny. We should contemplate it instead as an entering upon another stage in our progress, like adult life supervening upon the period of adolescence. Children, led by admiration of the superior strength and freedom, often personate grown-up men and women, and represent in their play what they desire to become and accomplish when they themselves shall have attained to mature years. In like manner it is natural and proper for us to think upon what may be possible for ourselves when we shall pass beyond the present conditions of corporeal existence and perceive that we are still in full possession of life. We may, peradventure, gain perception of the true purpose of our career and experience as superior to that of the beasts that perish. Immortality, let us bear in mind, is more than a mere continuing of external circumstances and consciousness; it is rather an awaking as out of sleep into the possessing of life in its nobler and more genuine quality.

Hence the poet Euripides pertinently asks: Who knows whether in reality our living here is not actually itself death and our dying an advent into life? The philosopher Herakleitos, however, affirms more distinctly that we live the life here which is as death to the celestial beings, and that what to our view of things is death is, to their apprehension, the genuine living. Another sage illustrates this concept by an ingenious handling of certain words in his native Greek language. He remarks that the *soma* or body is the *sema* or receptacle in which the soul is entombed. Sokrates is represented as discoursing with Theodoros upon the conditions of our life here in this wise:

"Evil can never cease to exist; for there must always be something which is antagonistic to good. It can by no means, however, have a place in the Divine Nature, but must of necessity move and operate around this mortal nature and region.

We ought, therefore, to endeavor to fly away hence as rapidly as we are able. This flying is the becoming like God so far as this is possible; and to become like a God is to become holy and just through wisdom."

In the estimation of those who knew him best Sokrates was himself such a man—the best, the widest and most just of all that lived in his time. He is described to us as so regardful of what was due the Divinity as never to undertake anything without asking for guidance; so just as never to do even the very slightest injury to any one, while he conferred many and great benefits on all with whom he had any dealings, so temperate and chaste as not to indulge in any appetite or inclination at the expense of whatever was modest or becoming; so intuitive as never to err in judging of good or evil, or ever to need the help of others in order to discriminate aright. Thus he was able to discourse upon all manner of subjects and explain them with the greatest accuracy and to penetrate the minds of men so as to perceive the right moment for reproving wrong and for stimulating the love of virtue.* His discourse was sometimes serious and at other times gay and apparently frivolous, but he always had something in it which was improving. When he prayed he made the petition that the Divinity would give him those things which were good. In his association with others he strove constantly to promote their happiness.†

The last of his Conversations will always be memorable. The day had been set by the Eleven for the last in which he should live. The gravity of the event was exceeded by the sublimity of the topics embodied in the discourse. He was setting forth the great facts of human existence as they were contemplated by himself and what had been told by professed eye-witnesses. Hence, to the intelligent, the *Phaidon* will always be a sacred classic, the repertory of the profoundest knowledge, unfolding the scope, the aim and essential quality of life.

It is hardly worth our while to be over-nice in regard to the

*"Virtue" is defined by Aristotle as "the highest activity of the soul that is living for the highest object in a perfect life." The Greek term *ARETE* means moral excellence.

†XENOPHON: *Memoirs of Sokrates*, IV., viii. PLATO: *Phadros*, 147.

entire genuineness of these or other utterances which have been imputed to Sokrates. There was a practice among teachers in former times to ascribe their works to some honored individual or ideal personage, and many often interpolated their own glosses and sentiments into the discourses of others. The analects, parables and maxims of the Buddha, Zoroaster, Lao-tse and Kon-fu-tse have, doubtless, been subjected to such a process, and innumerable compilers wrought upon the Tablets of the Egyptian Hermes.*

If, therefore, a similar course has been taken in the matter before us, it will not be remarkable. For Sokrates was the seer and utterer of oracles to whom Plato imputed the sublime lessons which he embodied in suitable form to be preserved and transmitted through subsequent ages.

On the day that Sokrates was condemned the Sacred Ship had sailed to Delos with the solemn embassy to Apollo on board. It was an observance in commemoration of the deliverance by Thêseus from the deplorable tribute to the Minotaur, and during its absence no condemned person might be put to death. Accordingly he remained thirty days in prison awaiting its return. The fatal period had come, and the ten Doomsmen of Athens with their notary promptly notified him of the event. His friends also hastened earlier than usual to be with him. They found him liberated from his fetters and sitting beside his wife. He was contemplating the agreeable sensation produced by the removing of the chain. Pleasure and pain succeeded to each other like day and night or the fabled brothers, the Dioskuri. They are wonderfully related, he remarked; they will not be present to a person at the same time, yet if he should pursue and attain the one he is always obliged to receive the other.

On being asked in relation to his purpose in the composing of a hymn to Apollo and the versifying of several of Æsop's Fables he answered that he had only sought to obey perfectly the voice of his divine monitor. A dream had often visited him

*IAMBELICHOS: *Reply of Abammon to Porphyry*, I., i. "Hermes [Thoth], the patron of literature, was rightly considered of old to be a god common to all the priests; and as he presides over the genuine superior knowledge pertaining to divine subjects, our predecessors were wont to ascribe to him their discourses of wisdom, and to name their works *the Books of Hermes*."

during his life in different forms, but always telling him to apply himself to the art of the Muses. He had understood it as encouraging him to the pursuit of philosophy, of which the Muses were the patrons; but since his imprisonment he had thought that popular music might be what was signified and that it would be safer for him not to go before he had made some poems. "I am to go to-day," he added; "tell these things to Evenos, and bid him follow me as soon as he can."

"He will not be at all willing to comply with your advice," replied Simmias, who had understood the message in its most literal terms.

"Every one who engages in this study will be willing," said Sokrates; "only he will not commit violence upon himself, for this may not be done."

This apparent paradox led to further discourse. Sokrates admitted that it was not easy to understand the doctrine of the Mysteries which represented the corporeal life as a kind of prison from which it is not lawful to break out. "It is well said," he added, "that the Divine beings take care of us and that we belong to them; hence an individual ought not to take his own life before it is made necessary."

The questioners then demanded why a wise man should desire to die and leave these best of masters.

For this Sokrates replied that if he did not expect to go among other divine beings who are both wise and good and among departed men who are better than any here, it would be wrong for him not to be grieved at dying. "I can positively assert, however, if I can assert anything," said he, "that I am about to go among gods who are good masters, and I hope also, though I am not so certain of it, that I shall be with good men. There is something, I am sure, awaiting those who die, and it will be far better for the good than for the evil."

He presently explained the nature of the death which the philosopher contemplates and desires. Every one understands that dying is the separating of soul and body; the philosopher is not anxious about the various pleasures as, for example, of eating and drinking, sex or the other corporeal delights. He will hold them as subordinate and inferior, and will endeavor in such matters to separate the soul from communion with the

body. This to the generality of human beings will appear to be a life not worth the living, and he who is thus indifferent to such pleasures will be accounted as good as dead.

In the acquiring of the genuine knowledge the body is an obstacle. It is virtually agnostic and its senses do not help us learn anything with accuracy. Even in these modern times the highest attainment of sensuous perception only indicates a great unknown, unthinkable Force which is neither cognized as intelligent nor even as intrinsically good. Evil, by its closer relations to the body, more or less contaminates the soul, and so holds us back from the full attaining of that truth to which we aspire. The necessary support of the body subjects us to innumerable hindrances; its disorders impede our progress; and it loads us down with longings, desires, fears, fancies and other absurdities.

The body and its desires occasion to the country wars, seditions and angry controversies; for all wars arise from the greed for wealth and advantage and we are obliged to acquire riches because we are enslaved to its service. If it leaves us any leisure and opportunity which we apply to the consideration of any subject of high importance it obtrudes itself all the time into the midst of our researches and speculations, disturbing and confusing us so that we become more or less unable to apperceive the ulterior truth. It is plain, therefore, that if we are to know anything distinctly we must contemplate it by the soul apart by itself. If, accordingly, we hold back from intercourse or partnership with the body except what necessity requires, thus keeping free from its contamination, we shall then come nearest to actual knowing of the truth. The real purification* consists in the withdrawing of the soul as much as possible from the body, and in the accustoming of it to dwell, so far as it can, here and hereafter, alone by itself free from the enthralling of the external and sensuous life. Being thus purified we shall in all probability, when we are set free, be with others like ourselves, and shall of ourselves cognize in its entirety that which

*The philosopher took this figure of speech from the preliminary rite at the Eleusinian Initiation. The candidates were required to undergo purification by a bath or baptism before being admitted to the Mystic Chamber to behold the Sacred Vision.

really is.* This is doubtless the fact, for they who are not pure do not attain perception of that which is pure.

The true student of philosophy is conscious that this real knowing pertains to the eternal world, and to those only who live as citizens of that world. Such are not afraid or sorrowful at the coming of death, but are glad to go where they may hope for the fruition of what they had longed for throughout life, and for freedom from what was repugnant to them. The person who is grieved because he is about to die is not a lover of wisdom,† but only a lover of his own body, of riches, of honors or other sensuous delights. If such a person is brave he endures death when he must, but he regards it nevertheless as a calamity by means of which he may escape something which he regards as a greater evil. If he keeps his passions in subjection, or denies himself of various pleasures, it is for the sake of delight or advantage which he esteems more highly. Such virtue, the philosopher declared, is a mere shadow, which possesses neither substance nor genuineness. It is a mere trading of pleasures which are less esteemed for others that are more desired or a bartering of one kind of pain for another. On the other hand, true virtue subsists through wisdom. Indeed, it is disregardful whether pleasure or pain or some matter of fear or apprehension is included in the issue. Indeed, it is itself the real purification and initiation into the Sacred Rites.‡

Many individuals entertain the belief or apprehension that

*PLATO: *Phædros*, 58. "Essence—that which really is, without form, and intangible—is visible only to intelligence which guides the soul, and around it the family of the true higher knowledge have this [the superior region] for their abode. As then, the mind of a deity is nourished by intelligence and pure knowledge, so the mind of the pure soul that is about to receive what properly belongs to it, is delighted when, after a long time, it sees that which is, and is nourished and thrives by the contemplation of the truth, till the revolution of the celestial world brings it round again to the same point."

†Wisdom is here to be understood in its philosophic meaning, as the knowledge which includes things divine and human—of things which the mind perceives intuitively, which have being as absolute reality without change or tendency to change.

‡Reference was here made to the Mysteries. "In the Sacred Rites," says Olympiodoros, "public purifications came first, and afterward the oaths of secrecy and the initiations." In these occult observances the candidates began with a bath or baptism. The participants were supposed to obtain knowledge of the whole mystery of human life, its origin and purpose.

the soul, their selfhood, upon being separated from the body, may itself become disintegrated and vanish like smoke or vapor. Sokrates replied to this by calling up the world-wide notion that the souls of the dead continue to exist in the invisible world and are again born among us here. Waiving this, however, in his discourse, he cites the fact that in the world of nature all things and conditions come from their contraries, from one to the other and back again. As waking and sleeping each comes after the other, so may living and dying. Indeed, unless this should be the case, unless one class of things shall be given back into the place of another, thus making the circle complete, all things would eventually become in the same form and condition and cease to be produced. If all living things die and do not revive again, then death will finally absorb them all.

Another argument hard for many to accept is that of Recollection. It is repeatedly affirmed in the Platonic Dialogues that what we really know of profound truth is not imparted to us from others, but is a possession of the Soul from its anterior state of being. It may be dormant and so not present in the consciousness, but it is the province of discipline and experience to bring it out into activity. Our perception of beauty, goodness, justice, holiness, was innate in us before we were born. Either we retain it through life or, having forgotten it, are obliged to learn it again. This, however, is but a recalling of it in the memory. We existed, therefore, in one form of being or another before our present term of life on earth.

This, perhaps, may not be considered as quite a positive proof that we shall always continue to live. Sokrates accordingly points out the distinction between essence itself and compounded bodies—that the simple, unmingled essence is always the same, while the others are incessantly undergoing change. These last are perceived by the bodily senses, whereas essence can be apprehended only by the exercising of thought. To essence, therefore, the Soul is plainly allied and similar.* It is accord-

*XENOPHON: *Memoirs of Sokrates*, IV, iii, "If there be anything in man, my Euthydēmos, partaking of the Divine Nature, it must surely be the Soul which governs and directs him; yet no one considers this an object of sight. Learn, therefore, not to despise those things which you cannot see. Judge of the greatness of the power by the effects which are produced, and reverence the Deity."

ingly itself indissoluble, and being so, will not be, as many assert, immediately dispersed and destroyed. If the person has pursued philosophy aright, and the Soul has become perfectly pure, it will go to that which resembles itself—the invisible, divine, immortal and wise, and spend the rest of its existence with divine beings.

If, however, a soul has been constantly in communion with the body through desires and pleasures, thinking that there is nothing real except what is corporeal, which one can touch and see, drink and eat, and employ sensuously, but hating what is invisible and intellectible, then that soul must be contaminated and weighed down. Such souls dread the life of the invisible world, and wander among the tombs† till the corporeal desire that inheres with them brings about again their union to a body such as their habits shall adapt for them.

On the contrary the soul of the student of wisdom brings the passions into a calm, follows the guidance of reason, is not subjected or sustained by mere opinion, but contemplates intently what is true and divine. It is confident, therefore, that at its separation from the body it will be set free from human evils and always remain with a kindred essence—one like itself. It has no occasion to apprehend that it will cease to exist.

Simmius the Theban dissents from what Sokrates has now declared. He insists that the soul is like the harmony of a lyre, the outcome and result of the bodily organism. When the instrument is broken or out of order the harmony becomes extinct. It is evident, likewise, he remarks, that when the body is diseased the soul, although it is most divine, yet being itself a kind of harmony, must of necessity immediately perish.

It does not take Sokrates long to show this analogy to be at fault. We see the soul in numberless instances opposing the desires of the body; whereas, if it was simply a harmony it could never do anything except as subject to them. It rules over the body in every particular, exercising absolute dominion although it was itself superior and of a different nature. Hence statement that it is simply a kind of harmony is not correct.

†In certain of the ancient occult observances individuals were wont to spend seasons among the tombs in hope of obtaining oracular communication from the spirit of the dead. See *Isaiah* lxxv: 4 and *Gospel According to Mark*, v: 3.

Even then, however, it is not easy for the understanding to grasp the concept of never-ending existence. We may admit the proposition that the soul is of longer duration than the body. Nevertheless the objection raised by Kêbes is a plausible one, that this by no means renders it certain that it will not eventually cease to exist. It may perhaps become exhausted in its career, and its union with the body may prove the beginning of its final destruction.

This problem Sokrates acknowledges to be not an easy one, involving as it does the whole question of phenomenal existence. He had himself in earlier life been curious to gain knowledge in respect to this very matter and also to learn the causes of everything: why it came into existence and why it perished. He presently perceived that the generality of men were fumbling in the dark in respect to this matter, and became himself afraid lest he too should become utterly blinded in soul by endeavoring to grasp the subject by means of the several senses. Accordingly he next resolved to consider the reasons for which all things exist. He began with the hypothesis that there is an abstract principle of Beauty, Goodness, Magnitude and other qualities. Everything beautiful owes that excellence to the presence of the pervading principle of beauty, and everything large to its partaking of magnitude. Two qualities, however, that are opposite to each other, like greatness and littleness, heat and cold, cannot be present in the same thing at the same time. One will go when the other comes. The soul brings life to the body, and while present with it will not admit the contrary principle of death. Being thus itself the opposite of death, it is accordingly imperishable and will never cease to exist. When death seizes upon the body the soul withdraws from it into the invisible world.*

*Professor Cocker presents the following summary of reasoning in the *Phædo*:

"1. *The Soul is immortal because it is incorporeal.*—There are two kinds of existences: one compounded, the other simple; the former subject to change, the latter unchangeable; the one perceptible to sense, the other comprehended by mind alone. The one is visible, the other invisible. When the Soul employs the bodily senses it wanders and is confused; but when it abstracts itself from the body it attains to knowledge which is stable, unchangeable and immortal. The Soul, therefore, being

The Soul alone, therefore, is the selfhood, the individuality. Its separation from the body leaves it in its entirety, divested of no quality or character that pertained to it during its career upon the earth. It possesses nothing from the present life but its discipline and development, which may be of very great advantage or detriment at its entrance upon new scenes of existence. Death leaves it free to follow its own controlling genius. There can be no refuge from evil, no safety except by becoming as good and wise as God himself. "We shall use every endeavor to acquire virtue and wisdom in this life," is the concluding remark of Sokrates, "for the reward is noble and the hope great."

Perhaps the solution of the problem is suggested by these words of Nathaniel Hawthorne: "We sometimes congratulate ourselves at the moment of waking from a terrible dream; it may be so after death."

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uncompounded, incorporeal, invisible, must be indissoluble—that is to say, immortal.

"2. *The Soul is immortal because it has an independent power of self-motion*—that is, it has self-activity and self-determination. No arrangement of matter, no configuration of body, can be conceived as the originator of free and voluntary movement. Now that which cannot move itself, but derives its motion from something else, may cease to move or perish. 'But that which is self-moved,' never ceases to be active, and is also the cause of motion to other things that are moved.' And 'whatever is continually active is immortal.' 'This self-activity is,' says Plato, 'the very essence and true notion of the soul.' Being thus essentially *causative*, it therefore partakes of the nature of a 'principle,' and it is the nature of a principle to exclude its *contrary*. That which is essentially self-active can never cease to be active; that which is the cause of motion and of change cannot be extinguished by the change called death.

"3. *The Soul is immortal because it possesses universal, necessary and absolute ideas* which transcend all natural conditions, and bespeak an origin immeasurably above the body. No modification of matter, however refined, however elaborated, can give the Absolute, the Necessary, the Eternal. But the soul has the ideas of absolute beauty, goodness, perfection, identity and duration, and it possesses these ideas in virtue of its having a nature which is one, simple, identical, and in some sense eternal. If the soul can conceive an immortality it cannot be less than immortal. If by its very nature 'it has hopes that will not be bounded by the grave, and desires and longings that grasp eternity,' its nature and destiny must correspond."

INHERENT POTENTIALITIES AND THEIR RELATION TO NATURE.

BY C. G. OYSTEN.

No one will dispute that ideas can become materialized in external life, when we see the representations of ideals assume positive, tangible, objective expression in our surroundings. The artist touches the canvas with such graceful harmony that his thoughts seem to live, breathe, unfold, inspire and charm; each an embodied joy; drawing the soul nearer and nearer to great nature's heart with sympathy divine.

The sculpture of ancient Greece is to-day a world-treasure, transcending all material worth; a refining blessing, which the cultured spirit would not sacrifice for all the wealth of India.

The musician, wishing to flood the world with sweet, symphonious sounds that are surging in his happy soul, appealing to be free; with the magician's wand of inspiration indicates externally the internal emblems of his melodious being, and man is better, happier and more spiritual because of the marvelous creation.

The architect portrays degrees of perception of the beautiful in unison with his sense of adaptation and uniformity of design. As a schoolmaster in the academy of thought, he is eminently a technical instructor in the art of perspicuous relationship of parts to the exact rhythm and symmetry of the whole. His materialized dreams of the majestic and sublime are an ever-present pleasure of indescribable power; and man becomes more susceptible to grander conceptions by the contemplation. It is thought-embodiment that leads us on into "Fresh fields and pastures new."

The poet, with "Eye in a fine frenzy rolling," introduces us into worlds of light and beauty of which we had no conception until he unveiled the transcendent loveliness of the external; then the scales fell from our eyes, and we saw with unobscured vision what had always existed, yet to us was unseen.

He tells us "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods," and we insensibly cling closer to nature in tacit admission, breathing

fragrance, and sensing sweetness that previously passed us heedless by.

He sings of "Rapture on the lonely shore"; of "Society where none intrudes"; and the music of the sea; and we become apprised of a relationship and kinship which was ignored in other days; but when he says that his interviews with nature enable him to "Steal from all I may be, or have been before"; to "Mingle with the universe," he speaks "Wiser than he knows."

He voices a truism so profoundly significant that we can but faintly realize its applicability; for he, recognizing the intimate association existing between man and his surroundings, awakens us to the stupendous fact that we are all one—that man cannot become dissociated from nature, for she is dependent on his will.

Familiar objects in our daily life only receive casual recognition. How necessary it is to cultivate the faculty of observation. On every side the essential provisions of spiritual philosophy are manifested to the student, alive to the practical lessons involved.

For instance: see that individual reading a book. He concentrates his gaze upon certain symbols, and he immediately enters worlds real and imaginative, that are substantial spiritual conditions. The materials at his disposal are simply the twenty-six alphabetical characters, and their concomitant illustrators; yet those emblems, or objective representations of ideas people the mind with the world-formations of other souls. He retraverses the fields of activity which characterized his early experiences, and embodies the incidents, emotions and creations of the writer of the book; and they become part and parcel of his own environment.

If he be a traveler, who has explored the wilderness of the world, he will place the characters and personalities described with all their particular idiosyncrasies in that region, and forthwith the desert is made to "blossom as the rose."

Should he be a warrior, who "has done the State some service," he again peoples the scenes of carnage with the horrible "pomp and circumstance" of desolating war; and the terrible suffering, misery and ruin is amplified by the additional substance imparted by another.

The scientific philosopher rehabilitates the fossil remains of

untold ages with other garments, and he invests primitive man with attributes and peculiarities in obedience to his matured conception and the assisting suggestion of his favorite instructor.

The love-sick swain transforms the ideal heroine into the semblance of his "heaven's last best gift, his ever-new delight." With her, in thought, he insensibly drifts on the author's pinions of imagination. There is to him no mind-creation apart from his own, for the living entity becomes merged and lost in the phantasm created. Such is the power of thought.

Thus embodiment of ideas in spirit-life is clearly comprehensible, and, instead of being a visionary assertion, this phenomenon becomes an unquestionable verity.

But it may be urged that the animal has the same involuntary functions in operation, and it is not controlled by intelligence—that it does not think; yet it does.

As a consolidation, materialization, or objective embodiment of man's concentrated thought, associated with substance primarily adaptable for subserving his progress, it necessarily partakes of qualities similar in essentials; and thus we have a display of that marvelous phenomenon called instinct.

We know that by the law of correspondence animal life voices the condition of progress of the human. There are individuals on earth to-day who manifest characteristics of certain animals. Even in personal appearance they indicate their true relationship to these various forms of life, which become refined, beautified, modulated and transformed, gradually in obedience to the progressive impulse imparted by the master—man.

The dog and the horse, by intimate association with man, become more docile and intelligent than animals roaming the wild and comparatively unexplored regions of the earth.

There are men, not only like the dog in personal appearance, but their characteristics are strikingly similar. With no aspiration beyond the groveling, sordid desires of instinctive impulse, these human beings become servile to a greater power, which they recognize as their master; they cringe in humble, abject simplicity before "the powers that be," either spiritual, political, social or intellectual. Their noble dignity and sterling

manhood are made subservient to ulterior considerations, and their individuality is sunk in the psychological predominance of others.

Sometimes they will turn and rend the passerby, but immediately the whip of will is raised they cower beneath the lash and lick the hand that smites them.

Some individuals, like the horse, stolidly pursue "the even tenor of their way," with features bearing a strong resemblance to that animal form. They possess "good horse sense," but are indifferent to everything but the immediate present, and their physical requirements describe the ultimate of their desire.

There are those of the gentler sex, who, like the cat or tiger, purr, fondle and display much affection, but they will cause their claws to protrude in no uncertain way and emit ebullitions of fury when scorned or despised. The face is suggestive of the physical traits of the feline, and when imbued with absorbing jealousy she will steal silently and effectually upon the unsuspecting victim, and woe be to that hated rival who becomes subjected to such merciless and unrelenting rage.

The happy, contented, lazy, selfish, perverse, stupid, indifference to all external things, but supplies of daily food, make the pig anything but a lovable animal; yet they are living prototypes of the human who voice all these qualities, exemplified by this brute that wallows in the mire. The sheep is represented in personal appearance and qualities among our fellows, who herd together, think in battalions, act as a mob and are blindly led in a path they know not, by some blatant demagogue, who is daring enough to step forward in the vanguard. Unstable as water, they are only amenable to the strongest magnetic association, and when left alone are like a ship without compass, chart or rudder, unable to determine whither they are bound. The fox finds his representative analogy in him who, by subterfuge, cunning, finesse and affability, insinuates himself into the good graces of his fellow, then retaliates with a genius of subtlety that is overwhelming to the unsuspecting friend.

The lion, with majestic dignity and noble fortitude of demeanor, is forcibly illustrated by the powerful orator, the self-poised statesman and the benefactor of the race, who despises mean things and admires the firm, courageous, posi-

tive, determined, straightforward elements in the well-balanced man. Although certain catlike features may be displayed, in degree, in the struggle for existence, he towers mightily above his contemporaries as a king among the subjects and vassals of his will.

The reptile kingdom is also typified in the human. Some people, when they enter your thought-sphere, transfix your gaze with their piercing, beady eyes, and you feel as though you were in a den of creeping, crawling, slimy, hideous, venomous serpents, who are about to strike their poison fangs into your sensitive being.

Thus we might go on *ad infinitum*, but let these illustrations suffice for our purpose, which is to show man's true association with nature.

The very substance that expresses animal life is synonymous with human power, vitality and instinct.

Man, we boldly maintain, is the progenitor of all these various forms of life; and they reflect his peculiarities because they are part of his own being.

To demonstrate logically, scientifically and spiritually that human soul unfoldment determines the development of this material world, we must get down to fundamental principles and establish a philosophical basis for our position.

Intelligence is behind all phenomena; superior to, above and beyond all external operations. Even will is obedient to this subtle, undefinable something called thought. The material body is propelled, controlled, guided and operated not by will as a primary impulse, but the living, vitalizing, perpetually awakening substance, working in conjunction with its vassal, will, enables the manifestations of the objective or external to be displayed.

If we would move the physical organism, bone, sinew, tissue, muscle, flesh, blood, nerve, or nerve-aura, or magnetism, will all be ineffectual until we *think*; when immediately we do so, will expands the nerve, the nerve contracts the muscle, the muscle manipulates the bone, or basic part of the organism, and motion is inaugurated.

Of course, the involuntary, or subjective, impulses, are ever maintained as long as intelligence sits enthroned, and with

rhythmic uniformity regulates operations, by a law obeying the systematic vibrations of the primary cause. Yet all this life and various forms of activity derive their original propulsion from intelligence.

That thought can become embodied and rendered visible to the subjective as well as the objective vision is a spiritually scientific fact.

C. G. OYSTEN.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY IDEALS.

BY MRS. EVA BEST.

The word first—Ideals. As we speak it there arises within our consciousness a something indefinite, elusive, intangible, unsubstantial. Our imagination tries in vain to give substance, solidity to the beautiful thing—for beautiful we feel it to be, supernally beautiful, since it exists in its recognized perfection above the plane of materiality, and is, in all of its attributes, essentially spiritual.

For the origin of this word we go to the Greeks, from whose language we gather the root-word, "eideo," which, with them, means "to see." It is the idea perceived by the mind that forms the "ideal." We feel its glorious presence—evanescent, fugitive, ephemeral though we realize it to be, and cling steadfastly to a central something, a celestial nucleus, about which the wavering, beautiful reality gathers itself.

Should our ideal lose its mutable, variable quality, its use—its very life—as an ideal—must cease. Could we crystallize into flawless form, into absolute perfection, the ideals our most heavenly dreams create for us to-day; could we set these upon altars as worthy of such enshrining, we should, by such crystallization, put a stop to the soul-growth of the world. Because no true ideal is ever reached. Were we to succeed in reaching it, we should find it no longer an ideal; for, when we grow to a full realization of all that the embodied idea has signified to us, we have attained to heights sufficiently above and beyond the shrine of that which so lately held all that was satisfying to our souls, to see, with wondering eyes, faults where once we saw perfection.

The sculptor's child, upon the studio floor, pats and pinches and rolls and fashions the little lump of clay into the semblance of something almost too weird to suggest aught human; a something out of proportion, big-headed, stumpy-limbed, squat and uncouth; yet, to that little one, it stands for a mortal being, and, in his baby eyes, holds as truly an ideal as does the almost sentient marble wherein has been caught and given expression, the sign and symbol of some grand and glorious motive born in the artist's soul.

It is not the clay; it is not the marble; it is the ideal of the child, the ideal of the man, that fills and satisfies the soul of each. Time was when the mature master had no higher ideal than that of his little son; to-day he sees beyond even the seeing of his fellows, who, feeling his thought, do homage to the ideal. They sing the artist's praises, crown him with laurel, and, with proud and loving appreciation, pronounce him a genius of the age.

The centuries that lie behind us are the little children who have made their ideals out of grosser material—out of commoner clay—than we, who, profiting and benefiting by their thought, care to use. And yet, to these past centuries we owe all that we now are, all that we may become, as creators in the world's studio of Ideals. Patiently they toiled, these youthful sculptors, striving after higher and higher ideals. The crude, plastic lump of the earliest modeler attained a grace by the second child's touch; this grace of line lived for the third; his consciousness realized it, and to it the little sculptor added a new and fairer thought. The fourth and fifth and sixth and seventh, preserving whatsoever was of value to the world, successively modeled the clay to the ever-finer forms demanded by their evolving consciousness.

On and on through the epochs, each ideal an epitome and an expansion—a jealous cherishing of all that was most excellent and an addition of what, through the lessons learned of experience in the studio of life, the sculptors felt to be the loftiest ideals of their truth-loving, aspiring souls—wrought the growing centuries.

And this rich heritage is ours. To all that is gone before we may now add our more highly evolved thought. We have fallen heir to the ideals of the ages, and among us are workers who are wise and whose tools are too fine for mortal eyes to see.

We of the twentieth century, as we accept the ideals of the yesterdays, discover that already, even in the hour of our acceptance, they are becoming unsatisfying; that already their elusive outlines are changing; that already the soul of even the most familiar and beautiful and cherished ideal plays in and out of its former tenement, a wavering, unstable, illuminated something, that, like a butterfly which has left its chrysalis, spreads swiftly-growing wings which soon become too ample to

ever allow themselves to be folded again into their former dimensions.

Thoughts are things; thoughts are ideas, and these ideas create ideals. If thoughts are things they are realities; therefore, the creations of thought—our ideals—are realities also. In all the universe nothing exists that has not its ideal. It is the real, spiritual essence of the object. It is that which lives in our memories after the object itself has perished.

In the book of life Mother Nature spreads before the eyes of her children is to be found all that there is for us to learn. She calls us to her and, as she slowly turns the wonderfully illustrated pages, she, with the wisdom of the true mother, points out to us that even she, as yet, must strive *with* her children towards perfection. She shows us that, for all her efforts to produce a perfect crystal (let us say, by way of illustration), a crystal whose figure is mathematically correct, she, in the billion billions of her endeavors to produce this one, beautiful perfection, has failed. And yet we recognize the ideal she has attempted to reach; and, although realizing that in our imitation of our great mother, we, her children, must be prepared to never quite reach perfection, we are comforted and cheered in our labors of love.

As, however, there is no cessation in Nature's striving to manifest the perfect crystal, so is there no halt for us, her children, in our creation of our more nearly perfect ideals. It pleases us to think that, as Mother Nature must, we, too, joy in the evolving ideal that lures us on and on, its evolution ever keeping pace with, yet ever in advance of, our own. When the flawless crystal shall have found form, when the highest type of truth shall have found objective manifestation, then will the death-knell of evolution toll for us.

The finite mind can not grasp infinity, nor the slave of little hours, days and years comprehend eternity; yet, finite slaves though we be, the increasingly beautiful ideals we build into the future for our own eager following can not fail to at least suggest to us that Progression must be a something infinite and eternal.

The poets, artists, dreamers and thinkers of the world have ever been our foremost builders of ideals. They have lived in

ideal worlds of their own, peopled by ideal beings created by their imaginations from the finest materials obtainable from the finest individual forms about them. These composites of the beautiful expressed to their fancy what was most nearly perfect to sense and soul.

Through the ages the poets, artists, dreamers and thinkers have, by reason of their powers of idealization, been leaders of mankind, furnishing the multitudes that followed where they led the most excellent examples possible to their day and epoch. Gradually, as the long years passed, that which had not yet been recognized as purely spiritual began, in the eyes of men, to put on spirituality—the immortal to put on immortality. The clumsy artifice of material raiment with which they had clothed the bright thought dropped off fold by fold from the radiant reality, until to-day, no longer hidden, no longer made mysterious, but unveiled and clearly revealed to the self-conscious gazer, stands the glorious ideal of poet, painter, dreamer and thinker.

Where once the artist kept painstakingly to line and substance; where once his idea wrought itself minutely out, even in the minutiae of distant details; where once the canvas was crowded to its edges with form portrayed in hard, uncompromising lines; where once no slightest chance was left for surmise in the gazer's soul, now more than half is left to him who looks. A sketchy blotch at best, sometimes; high lights, low shadows; but out of this there comes a thought to meet the soul of him who looks, and the gazer gains the artist's proud estate as he, in this twentieth century, is allowed to thus aid in the building of its grand ideals.

To-day the souls of these two creators of ideals meet in the picture—meet and blend together in one divine aspiration. Thus is the face upon the canvas doubly endowed with life. It lives and breathes, and its life and breath are the gifts of these two who, for the first time, have become one in sympathy.

About and beyond the central thought, the pure ideal, no hard lines trouble us, nor do finished details shut us out of the canvas; rather do its suggestive, ærial perspectives lead us on and ever on, until, in imagination, we reach the portals of the celestial realm of perfection the creator of the

ideal meant, by means of its portrayal, we should reach.

Like the steel, which, when once touched in all its particles by electricity, becomes an active magnet, so the less evolved members of the race, receiving the current of living truth from this contact with true, heaven-inspired genius, become creators in turn, and form ideals for themselves upon the splendid model genius has furnished them.

As the artist paints so the poet sings. We of the twentieth century meet him with a sympathetic beating of the universal poet-heart, and for ourselves interpret his music in his own language of love. And we sing with him, lifting our voices even to that high key—a key vibrant with love, compassion, faith and joy—in which he has pitched his matchless melody.

Within the productive field of human endeavor, a meeting strange and significant has taken place. Science and the dreamer—the mechanic and the prophet—have met with outstretched hands and recognizing eyes. The ideal of the one clothed in fancy, the ideal of the other clothed in fact, blend to form an almost perfect conception of the majesty of united power and love. Bathed in “the light that never was on land or sea” it stands, a symbol of sublime promise against this early dawn of the twentieth century.

In all the walks of life that lead through the pleasant fields of endeavor our fair ideals meet and greet us. In the family, by the fireside, in the great commercial marts, among the workers of the world, these higher thoughts are manifesting. The ideals of home, of father, of mother, of sister, of brother, are all that was fairest in the past spiritualized and refined and made more beautiful in the present age of love’s awakening. The ideal parent demands less of perfunctory obedience, of conventional deference, of the outward showing—the formal letter—of respect, and more—a thousandfold more—of genuine affection. He no longer plays the autocrat, but, wisely leaning to the level of his children’s hearts, he shares his responsibilities with the little men and women who gladden his home. And close and closer to the lives of her children comes the ideal mother of the twentieth century. In all the ages past never has she so blended her heart and soul with theirs; never so kept herself young with their youth, alive with their living, glad

with their joy. Never before has she been so approachable, sweet and so filled to the brim of her happy heart with perfect, comprehending, ideal sympathy. She keeps her youth that she may dance and sing with her adoring grandchildren; and—well, we declare our twentieth century children “ideals”—every blessed one of them; brighter, we aver; better, we maintain; fairer, we affirm; and dearer, *we know*, than ever gladdened the earth in all the ages gone by.

The ideal childhood accounts for this superiority. It is no longer an epoch of helplessness nor is fear a factor in the training of youth in this century's problem. The Bogie Man of the past generations has been relegated to the lumber room devoted to other such outlived horrors; and should the baby, by chance, wander into this tabooed domain and flee shrieking to its natural protectors, the wise guidance of loving hands leads it once more into the awful presence; and not until the little one is convinced that the staring eyes of the hobgoblin are glass, the pointed teeth bits of painted wood, is the reassured child allowed to leave the frightful presence. The earthly parent who has awakened from the “fear thought” to the “love thought” of the heavenly parent, no longer allows such monstrosities in the nursery.

The ideal home is being realized. It is no longer a miniature feudal castle ruled over by a stern lord and master, but a temple of freedom wherein an unfailing observance of Love's unwritten law keeps alight the altar fires of domestic harmony. In this ideal home, this sun-lighted temple of liberty, at the foot of those altars whereon burns the sacred fire, are made the daily sacrifices demanded by Love. Here little differences lose their lives; here disputations die; and envy, jealousy, malice, cruelty and revenge yield up their ugly ghosts; for in this fair ideal home, built by mutual human effort upon true celestial plans, Self is loved last. Here abideth faith, hope and charity, these three; and the greatest of these is a golden skein uniting in its shining strands the threads of a sympathy tender and strong; of a tolerance loving and compassionate; of a justice merciful and true.

So long ago the numbers of the years are lost, there grew in the garden of souls a wonderful Tree of Knowledge. It stood

in the midst of the garden, bathed in the eternal light that shone from the Sun of suns. Upon it, in orderly design, grew the fruits of wisdom. Two by two they hung from the boughs and were known as the "pairs of opposites," with the great Tree itself to form a trinity, without which "mysterious three" nothing may exist. From these "pairs of opposites" man learned his lessons, not only comprehending one by means of the other, but realizing that, without its opposite, no conception of the one, whichever it might chance to be, could be possible. Thus he learned well from ill; darkness from light; heat from cold; sour from sweet; high from low; joy from sorrow; good from evil; and love from hate.

As he sat in the shade of the Tree of the Book of Life, pondering the lessons learned and meditating upon the sum of these wonders, the branches overhead themselves found voice and spoke to him. A marvelous truth they told him. He learned that not only was he a fruit, and the most glorious fruit of this Tree of Knowledge, but that, side by side with him throughout the eternities had ever grown his opposite, she whom he called "woman." As he had learned of all things by their opposites, so now must his own nature be learned from hers. He must discover through her lack and possession that which he himself possessed and lacked. By her weakness he must learn his strength; by her timidity, his valor; by her need, his generosity; by her gentleness, his vigor; by her compliance, his will; by her mercy, his exaction; and by her docility, his power.

All this he learned, and more; and, as the ages built their fair ideals, this "pair of opposites" have ever held first place in the ideal world; the more noble, more splendid, more manly he; the more beautiful, more spiritual, more womanly she; each one a complement of the other, until a conscious recognition of a perfect duality has been reached; and the twentieth century, perceiving with eyes illumined by the rays of a dawning intuition, discovers that this pair of opposites must be incorporated as one glorious entity to form the "ideal citizen" of the world. At last the Hebraic line in the old book of Torah has been correctly translated: "Man and woman created He *him*."

In this "ideal citizen" it is the woman's wish that must

actuate man's will; her word must be his law; her wisdom—heaven-bestowed intuition—must guide his path through life. The question of the equality of the sexes no longer obtains. Where in past ages the ideal woman was denied the possession of a soul, the twentieth century creator of ideals sees Soul itself, with man as energy, force and will to perform that Soul's bidding.

There is hope for the race in this creation of the ideal citizen—this blending of the pairs of opposites—this glorious two in one that shall lift its strong yet tender voice in irresistible appeal for justice, mercy and love. In the "ideal citizen" we perceive the worker of the world, for his life of inaction dies with the world's obedience to its newest ideal, *a legal distribution of its wealth*. The pendulum that ticked the hour of amassing fortunes swings to the opposite end of the arc, and the ideal citizen owns only so much as he needs of that which he has come to realize is intended by the loving Creator for the wants of, not this one nor that one, nor the other one of His creatures, but for all mankind.

Idleness may no longer be his choice. He must be up and doing the great world's work, shoulder to shoulder with his fellows. As his brain and hands busy themselves worthily, his faculties, no longer inert, are seized by inspirations which impel him to new activities. He looks beyond the creation of his hands and begins to grasp the meanings of life, the "whys" of things, the spirit of the active, living, immutable law that governs all things, from the simplest to the most intricate manifestation in existence. The soul of the object once grasped, he follows it to the first great cause—the Source of its being; and, discovering this, he, the man of mighty intellect, puts off his pride of personality and becomes as a little child. For the Source he seeks and finds is Love—the mysterious, underlying, active principle of that one and only force that moves the universe, from the clinging atoms of the tiny pebble on the beach to the swinging orbs of stupendous solar systems whirling through space.

And thus his human heart, making the divine truth his own, dethrones the false idols he himself has fashioned, and worships the one Supernal God of Love. His ideals change. As the

barriers that so long have hedged him into paths dark and dismal and discouraging are finally burned away, and he, the enlightened, freed spirit, again walks with his Maker in the fields of life and light, he comprehends that the centuries have built according to their understanding. The ideal of the Heavenly Father he adores and trusts and loves differs widely from the awful Maker in whose dread name the mistaken Torquemada tortured to horrible death the very beings who owed their creation to this Divine Love which man, unilluminated of soul, untouched of heart, slave of the senses and inspired by selfish greed and thirst for temporal power, made to assume the image of Divine Wrath.

This overthrow of false idols has been a natural sequence of man's evolution. He may be likened to a mirror in which all the ideals he fashions have their reflection. As we know that the more or less tinted particles of the crystal substances of which the mirror is composed must infallibly darken, in some degree, that which is reflected upon its surface, so it is made clear to us that man, because of the lower planes of being he yet inhabits, tones to his own reflecting soul the most radiant ideals possible to him. When his soul particles reach the highest purity the dweller on earth may attain, man will no longer seem to be an obscure reflection; but the stain of mortal misbeliefs being removed, he will appear a splendid, glorious and perfect reflection of his purest and brightest ideals.

Upon the broad screen of history the lenses of time have ever been throwing images of events fair and foul. Dissolving views are there, and that one upon which the eye rests to-day, although turgid as yet with the crimson of bloody slaughter, bears a promise of golden light. But a greater change is here than even the blessed change of hue. We, who, in the infancy of the century, have fixed anxious eyes upon it, may not live to see the clearing of the now confused mass, since the blurred outlines of past ideals prevent the fair ideals of the present from becoming distinct to our vision. But when the transformation shall have been completed, the most stupendous moral change ever cast upon the screen will gladden the eyes of the beholders. Long ages has it already taken this one dissolving view to arrive at even its present state of confusion;

but the dissolution of the old ideals must ensue; the old "ideal Might" that made "ideal Right," and the new Right, formed of liberty and love, prove itself the "ideal Might."

Liberty and Love! When man learned wisdom from the Tree of Knowledge he found among the "pairs of opposites" growing thereon freedom and bondage. The taste of bondage was bitter in his mouth; the flavor of freedom, sweet; yet the false ideals of men lusting for empire kept him from the enjoyment of that which was Heaven's most glorious gift to man. Despising and disdaining the fruits of wisdom which hung within his reach, the self-elected ruler of men drove the lover of freedom from his feast, and, crushing the beautiful fruit beneath the heel of despotism, robbed and starved the soul of his brother man of that which to him was the very bread of life.

The word "freedom" presupposes its opposite. The state of slavery in which man has been bound by the old ideals of Might and Right will end with the clearing of the now dissolving view; and the fairest and finest of all man's ideating will be the "ideal liberty" of the twentieth century.

Not quite yet is man sufficiently master of himself to be able to form the *perfect ideal*; but he is learning to work the plastic clay, and what he must soon fashion will, compared with the old models, be a transcendently beautiful conception. And freedom (as fine a freedom as he, as yet, is enabled to ideate) being, at last, his undisputed possession, he will set it upon the most exalted pedestal in his ideal realm, grouping about its base all that will aid him to put into the hands of his son tools finer than he himself ever hoped to use: ideal art; ideal science; ideal education; ideal morals; these four at the corners of the white pedestal supporting ideal Liberty!

The ideal education will offer its learners a newer mathematics. The terrestrial will serve merely as a foundation for the celestial numbers. Addition will mean the increasing of mutual stores of earthly and spiritual treasure by his own adding to the common cause of those he has come to recognize as brothers—the children of "Our Father which art in Heaven." He will add his touch to the old ideals, lifting those of his own age to a loftier standard of excellence; and the sum total of his problem in addition—Brain (his known quantity) plus Heart (his,

as yet, unknown quantity) will be worked out for the betterment of the race.

Subtraction will signify to him the taking from his suffering fellowmen such of their burdens as may be carried by him. It will mean the decreasing of his own selfishness, the doing without that others may have.

Division will mean sharing, with justice as the great common divisor and the dividend the wealth of the world. The apostle has said, "Grace and peace be multiplied to you through the knowledge of God," and that knowledge he lives to impart; while a multiplication of blessings (which he knows must show itself the divine product of charity and love) will manifest itself in that ideal brotherhood he has already come to acknowledge must soon obtain in the awakening world.

The moods of his ideal grammar will be five factors in his higher curriculum. Loving his kind, his indicative mood will declare he so loves, his service proving that truth; infinitive, his activity in a righteous cause will be infinite; potential, his power for good will know no bounds. In his subjunctive mood the dependence he places upon his and his fellows' endeavors to right wrongs, relieve distress and bring light into dark places finds full scope; while imperative, he commands in the name of all that is pure and holy that sin and selfishness be banished from the world.

In the ideal geography he studies and finds old landmarks blotted out, old boundary lines disestablished. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof" and the nations, His beloved children, are as one. For the slender, golden shaft of Love has leveled what the battering ram and stone-charged catapult of hate could not move, and in one little hour Love has taken more prisoners than enmity has cast into its dungeons of doubt in all the dread days of past darkness and despair.

Where life was once sacrificed it will come to be saved; menacing hands will become ministering ones; and the weary and heavy-laden will find help in the builders of ideals formed upon the teachings of Him of Nazareth—that one, eternal, abiding perfection known to the world of men since ever the white star shone over Bethlehem. We have had that Divine Ideal ever before our eyes; but our vision has always been that of

little children who naturally see but the outer husk of things.

But the beautiful new ideals are being fashioned. There is promise of a heavenly dawn in our glowing East; there is a sweeter thought in the hearts of men and we feel the coming of a tremendous power for good whose force will be of sufficient greatness to raise the race to an as yet undreamed-of plane of human achievement. This power is the "ideal religion"—the simple, sweet and glorious religion of the true Christ, who, when we, His professed followers, dared to condemn, has, through all the centuries, bestowed the holy blessing of His pitying love.

The imperative, divine command, "Judge not," shall, through love and wisdom, come to be obeyed; and from our own lips the words, "Neither do I condemn thee," will, as did the words of Him who first uttered them, sink like balm into the hearts of the erring; fetch peace to the sorrowing; comfort to the suffering; and help, as compassion alone *can* help, to make His "kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven."

EVA BEST.

THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF CONSCIOUSNESS.*

BY HEREWARD CARRINGTON.

Nothing, in psychical research, can either help or hinder our progress so much as the attitude of mind assumed, at the commencement of our studies, toward these subjects, and how clearly formed are our conceptions of what is believable, and what is not. Broadly speaking, however, it may fairly be said that he who begins his investigations with the least prepossession; the least clearly formed opinions—either for or against—and with that willingness to accept any new fact, upon sufficient evidence, even if that fact should upset his previous convictions and beliefs; in short, that person who possesses an abundance of what Professor Sidgwick so happily termed the “higher common sense,” he it is from whom we may rightly expect the greatest results; an impartial representation of the evidence at hand; without either dogmatic positive assertion, or of a relapse into that weak and effeminate position of assuming off-hand that it is “unknowable.” And, most assuredly, no other point in our evidence will hinder us more than setting a limit upon our own powers, mentally, and of the view we take of our own personality. If we are to accept the fact (now taught by most psychologists) that our mental life depends simply and solely upon certain physical processes within our brains, and without these processes there can consequently be no mental life, we are indeed crippled and confined, in our outlook, to a certain narrow field, *viz.*, how far can our senses be sharpened and our nervous system trained to receive more fully certain fine—but obviously physical—indications as to what is occurring around us?

Now, one great blow which this “narrow” outlook upon the universe has received is the large, and constantly increasing acceptance of telepathy—of the fact, that is, that certain impressions can and do reach another mind quite independent of the ordinary and recognized avenues of sense. “But this fact,” as Mr. Myers has admitted, “does not in itself carry obvious proof of anything in man which the materialistic hypothesis might not cover. ‘Brain

*Paper read before the Minneapolis Society for Psychical Research, June 6, 1902. A portion of this paper has previously appeared in print, but was never completed; see *Psychic and Occult Views and Reviews*, May, 1903. —H. C.

waves' might be a form of ether waves, or in some way analogous thereto,"—though it has repeatedly been shown how improbable such a theory is. But, apart from this, there are, indeed, very few facts incapable of being classified (I will not say explained) in some way, under the materialistic hypothesis, and so wide an acceptance is this latter theory receiving, in fact, that the majority of Continental scientists have given up all thought of mind existing apart from matter, and consequently have come to the conclusion that "a future life, of any sort, is hardly worthy of serious consideration."

Now, such a position as this can only be met upon its own ground, and answered by facts as strong as those advanced by the materialistic school. This subject, of such vast importance to man, can no longer be argued from the same standpoint as formerly; the subject of a future life can no longer be based upon emotional craving or theological dogma; it must withstand the test of *evidence*. Here, then, is a point which can definitely be decided either one way or the other. Are there, or are there not, among these problems of psychical research, such evidential *data* as will decide, more or less definitely, the question, by producing such undeniable facts and evidence as will tend to show that man's survival of bodily death is indeed a great reality, and no mere figment of the imagination? Such evidence, the strongest ever yet advanced, may be found in full in the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research (S. P. R.), and repugnant as the idea of an *experimentally proved* future life may be to some, it is, nevertheless, the only evidence forthcoming. It is upon such evidence as apparitions and haunted houses; upon the hidden depths of man's consciousness, as evoked under certain abnormal conditions; but above all, upon the trance utterances of the famous Boston medium, Mrs. Piper, that those scientific men who have become convinced of a future state of being, base their conclusions and arguments, and I cannot too strongly advise my readers to read and to study that evidence in its complete and cumulative form.

But my paper is not to be devoted to the evidence itself, on this occasion, but rather to a consideration of certain *a priori* objections which have been raised against this subject, and particularly to a discussion of the materialistic standpoint, in its relation to the phenomena of mind. For it must be admitted that if science

can show that such a thing as a future life is an utter impossibility, then, no matter what our previous opinions or convictions may have been, we are bound, as lovers and followers of truth, to reject this long-coveted treasure, however much our instincts or desires may be to the contrary. And it is such a proof as this which experimental psychology claims to have brought forward! Its arguments are chiefly these: That the brain and nervous system are those parts of our being which form and compose our mental life, and upon which the latter is wholly dependent for its existence. For every thought there is an accompanying physical change in the brain substance,—from which the obvious inference to be drawn is that when there is no more brain there can be no more thought or consciousness. Again, should you strike a man upon the head with a bar of steel, consciousness ceases for the time being; owing, apparently, to the derangement of the brain's functions; and should the blow be dealt with more severity and greater structural damage take place, the man ceases to exhibit thought or consciousness—not only for the present, but for all time; he is, in fact, what we term “dead.” Again, should you mix poison with the blood of any individual, and this be carried to the brain through that medium, the corresponding mental “states” or conditions invariably show themselves; the organ of mind has been tampered with, and consequently the mind itself is deranged. But more than all this, it has been shown that injury to, or removal of, certain portions of the brain affect certain portions (if I may so express it) of consciousness and thought. Piece by piece, section by section, as the physical and obviously material brain is removed; so bit by bit, and little by little, the mental life disappears, until not a vestige of it remains.

Now, all this most certainly tends to show that our conscious existence is absolutely dependent upon our very material brain, and consequently the formula—“thought is a function of the brain” is so widely accepted and believed that almost any psychologist “will tell you,” as James humorously puts it, “that only a few bloated scholastics, or possibly some crack-brained theosophist or psychical researcher can be found holding back, and still talking as if mental phenomena might exist as independent variables in the world.” Now, all this is strictly common-sense and to the point, and the fact is certainly there that for any form of a future life we may

postulate, we must of necessity take into account this undoubted brain action, and subscribe, in one sense or another, to the old psycho-physiological formula, "thought is a function of the brain." The question is, does this undoubted fact of neurosis or nervous change, accompanying all thought, deter us finally from accepting any such condition as a future life, for the reason that thought and consciousness cannot exist apart from matter? I venture to think that it does *not*, and I shall now endeavor to justify this statement and make good my position.

In the first place, then, "it would appear that the supposed impossibility of its continuing comes from too superficial a look at the admitted fact of functional dependence. The moment we inquire more closely into the notion of functional dependence, and ask ourselves, for example, how many kinds of functional dependence there may be, we immediately perceive that there is one kind at least, that does not exclude a life hereafter at all. The fatal conclusion of the physiologist flows from his assuming off-hand *another* kind of functional dependence, and treating it as the only imaginary kind." I shall here briefly recapitulate these theories for the sake of clearness, using the terse language of Professor William James in so doing:

" One cannot see more than two really different sorts of dependence of our mind on our brain; either (i) the brain brings into being the very stuff of consciousness of which our mind consists; or else (ii) consciousness pre-exists as an entity, and the various brains give to it its various specific forms.

If supposition (ii) be the true one, and the stuff of mind pre-exists, there are, again, only two ways of conceiving that our brain confers upon it the specifically human form. It may exist:

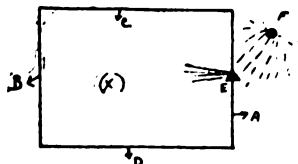
(a) In disseminated particles, and then our brains are organs of concentration; organs for combining and massing these into resultant minds of personal form, or it may exist:

(b) In vaster units (absolute 'world soul' or something less), and then our brains are organs for separating it into parts and giving them finite form. . . . There are, thus, three possible theories of the brain's function, and no more. We may name them severally: (i) The theory of production; (ii) the theory of combination, and (iii) the theory of separation."*

**Human Immortality*. By Prof. Wm. James, Boston and New York.

Now, it is to the first of these theories that the majority (but by no means all) of the psychologists cling; and it is upon this theory that their arguments are based; but in the absence of all definite proof either for or against, we are surely entitled to consider the two latter theories as possibilities not to be summarily rejected. Indeed, apart from the fact that one theory involves some such hypothesis as "spirit" and the other does not, the two theories are exactly on a par, neither being exactly proved, explained, nor apparently provable or explainable with our present knowledge and *data*. And, apart from the above-mentioned difficulty, the latter theories—involving some sort of transcendental world—lend themselves very naturally to the explanation and elucidation of those psychical phenomena,—so-called "miraculous cures," telepathy, premonitions, and the like,—which are exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to explain and classify on the "production theory."

And now let us see how—in the various theories advanced—consciousness is to be conceived as operating upon and through us; or rather our brains, which are the "seats" of consciousness—whatever view we take of our mental life. First of all, then, I shall assume, for the sake of argument, that consciousness may really exist apart from our physical organism, but is only manifest to us—to our senses—while operating *through* that organism*: and this I shall endeavor to illustrate by a simple analogy. In the accom-



panying illustration we will suppose that the vertical dividing line, *A*, represents an opaque wall; forming, in this case, with the walls, *B*, *C*, *D*, a perfectly air-tight chamber, into which no light can possibly enter. In this wall, *A*, a small opening has been made, and a glass prism, *E*, inserted—as shown—upon which falls the light of the distant sun, *F*; and it is through this prism that light is refracted into the enclosed chamber—that being the only light obtainable. Now, it will be observed that in this case, anyone living within that chamber can have no idea or conception of the sun's actual, unimpeded light: would have no knowledge, in fact, of any light at all not obtained through our prism; and, had he always lived within that chamber, would dis-

*Save in telepathy, etc.—H. C.

believe in any other light whatever. Further, if this prism should become cracked or marred in any way, a corresponding defect would be noticed in its refracting qualities; and, with every additional crack or chip, its utility will be still further impaired; in short, *its function will be deranged.*

And now suppose that this *sun* should represent consciousness—free and unimpeded from all its material limitations; that *we* should be the inhabitants of that chamber; and that *our brains* should represent this prism, by which and through which consciousness manifests itself! Many things fall into place on this analogy. Firstly, here is a full and complete answer to the materialist, that—as the brain is injured, a corresponding mental derangement takes place. This, as we have seen, would be the case on the “transmission theory,” just outlined above. If a man loses consciousness as soon as his brain is injured, it is clearly as good an explanation to say that the injury to the brain destroyed the mechanism by which the manifestation of consciousness was rendered possible, as to say that it destroyed the “seat” of consciousness. On the other hand, there are facts which the transmission theory suits the better. If, for example, as sometimes happens, a man, after a time, more or less recovers faculties of which the injury to his brain deprived him, and *that*—not in consequence of a renewal of the injured part, but in consequence of the inhibited functions being performed by the action of *other* parts, the easiest explanation certainly is that, after a time, consciousness constitutes the remaining parts into a mechanism capable of acting as a substitute for the lost parts. Again, this analogy would explain and answer the difficulties raised, and the objections brought forward against this theory on the ground that the mental faculties apparently grow with the brain, and decline with the brain’s decay. (Haeckel. *The Riddle of the Universe*. P. 147.) For, in this case, our prism would be but small in childhood, and consequently admit less light—in actual volume, but *that* light would be clearer and purer than that refracted in later life, when the glass or prism had become dulled and blurred with constant use and exposure; and, indeed, this proves to be the case—for childhood’s imagination and impressionability are with difficulty stamped out, and replaced by the more prosaic and so-called “rational” view of things necessary in our modern civilization.

And, again, as to the effects of drugs upon the brain, and

arguments of this nature. The reply is much the same for all these objections; if you destroy the organ through which, or by which, consciousness manifests itself, then certainly that consciousness cannot manifest properly; just as—in the above case—if we injure or destroy our prism, then its refracting properties are impaired; but we do not injure the *mind*—the actual consciousness—any more than we should, in the above case, destroy yon sun.

And yet again: it is hard to see, on the materialistic theory, how the mind can effect those wonderful mental cures, which have now become so numerous; for, from their point of view, the mind is but a function of the brain, just as secreting bile is a function of the liver! But if we can conceive ourselves—our real selves—acting upon our material body, through the brain, and directing the other functions of that body, more or less, thereby, by means of our *will*—a part of our mental life—then we begin to see how these cures are effected; to have some faint inkling of the hidden processes at work within ourselves which bring these results to pass. And, finally, the above theory is perfectly compatible with the general trend of Evolution, for the reason that as the material brain advances in development, so it admits a correspondingly greater influx of mental life. "If the material encasement be coarse and simple, as in the lower organisms, it permits only a little intelligence to permeate through it; if it is delicate and complex, it leaves more pores and exits, as it were, for the manifestations of consciousness."* The above theory, then, contains nothing which is absolutely *opposed* either to common-sense, philosophy or science.

Having now shown, as I trust I have, that these other theories of consciousness—though purely theoretical and speculative—still contain nothing which absolutely *contradicts* what is already known of physiology or the physical sciences, I shall endeavor to combat, in the remaining portion of this paper, the materialistic or "production" theory of consciousness, and to point out the many difficulties to be taken into account in an acceptance of that theory. For if it is hard for us to conceive how the "combination" or "separation" theories—spoken of above—actually operate, the production theory presents just as great and insurmountable barriers. As before stated, then, the materialistic standpoint is simply this: that

**Riddles of the Sphinx*. By F. C. S. Schiller. p. 293.

certain physical changes take place in the brain. These changes give rise—in some unknown way—to definite thought. What these changes actually are, and all the experiments made and inferences drawn therefrom, may be found in the standard works on physiological psychology,* and this is not the time or the place to discuss them. To place, briefly, a few of the difficulties of the production theory before you, I shall, in the first place, quote the opinions of some of the world's greatest scientists upon this very subject. Professor Tyndall, *e. g.*, says:

“The passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable. Granted that a definite thought and a definite molecular action in the brain occur simultaneously, we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which will enable us to pass, by a process of reasoning, from the one to the other. Were our minds and senses so expanded, strengthened and illuminated as to enable us to see and feel the very molecules of the brain; were we capable of following all their motions, all their groupings, all their electrical discharges, if there be such, and were we intimately acquainted with the corresponding changes of thought and feeling, we should probably be as far as ever from the solution of the problem: How are these physical processes connected with the facts of consciousness? The chasm between the two classes of phenomena would still remain intellectually impassable.”†

Here also the words of Professor Huxley upon this subject—a man who has frequently been charged with being a materialist, by the way. He says:

“I understand the main tenet of materialism to be that there is nothing in the Universe but matter and force, and that all the phenomena of Nature are explicable by deduction from the properties assignable to these two primitive factors. . . . But all this I heartily disbelieve. In the first place, it seems to me pretty plain that there is a *third* thing in the Universe—to wit, consciousness—which, in the hardness of my heart or head, I cannot see to be either matter or force, or any conceivable modification of either, however intimately the manifestation of the phenomena of con-

*See, *e. g.*, Ferrier, *Functions of the Brain*; Bastian, *The Brain as an Organ of Mind*; Ladd, *Psychology*, etc.

†*Fragments of Science*, 5th Ed., p. 420.

sciousness may be connected with the phenomena known as matter or force.”*

Finally, I give here a brief résumé of an article by Dr. Romanes on “The Fallacy of Materialism,” which appeared in the *Contemporary Review*, many years ago. In doing so, however, I shall quote, at times, quite freely from Dr. Thompson’s excellent summary of this question—including a review of the above-mentioned article—in his clever booklet entitled *Materialism and Modern Physiology of the Nervous System*. To return to Dr. Romanes, however, I may state his argument as follows:

“Premising that when once the invariable association between material changes and mental changes is recognized, there arises the question as to the *nature* of this constant association, Dr. Romanes proceeds to discuss the question: Can the material changes in the brain cause the mental changes? The affirmation to this he assumes to be the contention of materialism, and he begins by summarily ruling it out of court as having no case to argue. For he says that where the question becomes one, not as to the *fact* of the association, but as to its *nature*, ‘Philosophy must pronounce that the hypothesis is untenable, for the hypothesis of its association being one of causality, acting from neurosis to psychosis—that is, from nervous structure to mental processes—cannot be accepted without doing violence not merely to our faculty of reason, but to our very idea of causation itself. For our *idea* of causation is not derived from without, but from within, and what we call the evidence of physical causation is really only certain mental modifications following one another in definite sequence. Hence we can have no evidence of causation proceeding from object to subject. The mind, therefore, cannot prove its own causation from matter or motion, because all evidence of that must itself be mental evidence, and nothing but mental; and hence it is impossible for the mind thus to prove its own causation as it is for water to rise above its source.’”

Having thus opened the argument, as is the lawyer’s custom, by showing that the materialists really have no case at all, Dr. Romanes agrees, however, to allow them a chance to say something, by remarking that they are fond of asserting that the evidence of

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causation from neurosis to psychosis is as good as such evidence can be proved in any other case. But, without considering the above-mentioned difficulty that there can be no such real evidence at all, he says the statement can be proved to be untrue by treating the problem on the lower ground of the supposed analogy itself. For the only resemblance between this supposed case of causation and all other cases of causation consists in the invariability of the correlation between cerebral processes and mental processes. In all other points the analogy fails. For in all cases of recognized causation there is a perceived connection between the cause and the effect; the antecedents are physical and the consequents are physical. But in the case before us there is no perceived or even conceivable connection between cause and effect, for the causes are supposed to be physical and the effects mental. And this alone is enough to separate this case from all other known cases of supposed causation: the difficulties being pointed out in the above extracts from Tyndall and Huxley.

The next objection to materialism which Dr. Romanes finds is that in all other known cases there is an equivalency between cause and effect. But, as between matter and motion on the one side, and feeling and thought on the other, no such equivalency is conceivable. Some few materialists, he says, have sought to meet the difficulty in the only way it can be met, by "boldly asserting that thought and energy are more or less transmutable. . . . On this view thought becomes a mode of motion, and takes its rank among the forces as identical in nature with heat, light, electricity and the rest." But this view he regards as also inherently impossible. Mind presents absolutely no point of real analogy with motion, because involved with the essential idea of motion, is the idea of extension, for motion only means translation in space of something itself extended. But thought, so far as we possibly can know it, is known and distinguished by the very peculiarity of not having extension, and therefore, for motion to become thought, it must cease to be motion, and thus cease to be energy. Thought, consequently, instead of being equivalent to so much energy, destroys energy, and would thus constitute a unique exception to the otherwise universal law of the Conservation of Energy. And, therefore, for these and other considerations of a more metaphysical kind, which we have no time at present to quote, Dr. Romanes finally concludes

that, at the bar of Philosophy, Materialism must be pronounced conspicuously inadequate to account for the facts.

But if matter cannot cause mind, or physical changes cause mental changes, how then are brain and thought associated? In answer to this question, Dr. Romanes first discusses what he calls the theory of Spiritualism. By this term he means that view which conceives the mind as having an independent existence, or substance apart from the brain, and capable of acting upon it, and so using the brain as the mechanism of its thought,—for he uses the term “spirit” as interchangeable with mind. This theory he also summarily rejects, because it seems to him to be merely the theory of materialism inverted; and, therefore, that most of the arguments adduced in his analysis of materialism are just as available against “spiritualism.” For, he claims that in whatever measure it is inconceivable that neurosis should cause psychosis, in the same measure must it be inconceivable that psychosis should cause neurosis; seeing that it is as impossible to imagine mind affecting energy as it is to imagine energy affecting mind.

This is a favorite way among this class of writers of disposing of mind; and it is obvious that such a dictum leaves us in mid-air as to what anything mental is,—for, if physical changes cannot cause mental changes, nor mental changes cause physical changes, what are mental changes anyway?

One answer to this question is—that mental and physical phenomena, though apparently diverse, are really identical! The apparent dissimilarity arises only because we *perceive* these things in a different light, as it were; and that they are double only in relation to our modes of apprehension. Just as the tremors of a violin string are phenomenally very different, according to our mode of apprehending them, with the eye or with the ear; so the tremors of a nerve are, both physical and mental, apparently dual, the event may be really singular, as, *e. g.*, an air on the violin is *one* with the vibrations of catgut, yet are perceived by us as varying absolutely. “But,” continues Dr. Romanes, “if the physical and the mental are thus supposed to be identical in the brain, the physical and the mental must be identical universally, for there is no reason to suppose the physics of the brain differs from physics in general. *All* physical processes, therefore, are likewise mental! We have not, indeed, to suppose that our physical processes (motions) think

or feel—we have only to suppose that all physical motions present the “raw material” of mind, which has not, as yet, been wrought into feeling or thought, just as the physics of crystallization has not proceeded so far in complexity or refinement as the physics of life.” In support of this view, namely, that we cannot draw anywhere a line between physics and psychics, Dr. Romanes quotes a passage from what he terms “the most closely reasoned and profound of Professor Clifford’s philosophical writings,” which reads:

“Mind-stuff is the reality which we perceive as matter. A moving molecule of inorganic matter does not possess mind or consciousness, but it possesses a small piece of mind-stuff. When the molecules are so combined together as to form the film on the under side of a jelly-fish, the elements of mind-stuff which go along with them are so combined as to form the faint beginnings of sentience. When the molecules are so combined as to form the brain and nervous system of a vertebrate, the corresponding elements of mind-stuff are so combined as to form some kind of consciousness. When matter takes the complex form of a living, human brain, the corresponding mind-stuff takes the form of a human consciousness, having intelligence and volition.”* Dr. Romanes, however, decides that a fatal objection to this theory is that it is unable to explain the fundamental antithesis between subject and object—the perceiver and the perceived—and concludes, as he began, by stating that the relation between matter and mind is inexplicable.”

Thus, just as Herbert Spencer leaves us in the great “Unknowable,” and Huxley in the “Inconceivable,” so Dr. Romanes lets us find our final intellectual rest in the “Inexplicable”! Surely when such diverse opinions and admitted ignorance upon this subject, as here shown, are held by some of the leading scientific minds of the day, no one can dogmatize very much upon the subject either one way or the other. And, whereas it must be admitted that thought is, in one sense or another, a “function” of the brain; a very different statement of the case, from that generally held, may be made as follows: Instead of consciousness or thought being a function

*For an extremely brilliant defense of this theory (in a less crude form) see Prof. Strong’s recent work, *Why the Mind Has a Body* (Macmillan, 1903), which has appeared since the above was first written. See also Prof. Wm. James’s attack on the theory in his *Principles of Psychology*, Vol. I., Chapter—“The Mind-Stuff Theory,” and references therein given.

of the nervous tissue, the perception of a sensation *through nervous tissue* is a function of consciousness; that is to say, consciousness is independent of nervous tissue, and uses nervous tissue to perceive with. In this sense our two brains—for we have two—would be the *instruments* of consciousness, but are not conscious themselves; just as our eyes are the instruments of sight, but do not themselves see; in the same way that a microscope is the instrument for magnifying minute atoms of matter, but cannot itself see and appreciate the magnification: why?—because it has no consciousness of its own.

And thus, out of a multitude of opinions, we arrive, very nearly, at our starting-point, and have merely found, in our circuitous route, that nothing definite has been decided upon this point, either for or against any particular theory;* and it is, very largely, merely a matter of personal opinion which theory is accepted; and this will vary with each individual according to his knowledge, environment, and outlook upon the Universe in general, and upon these subjects in particular. Therefore, in this state of uncertainty, let us investigate those facts which tend either to prove or to disprove this or that theory upon experimental and scientific grounds. For it must be admitted that if a man's so-called "spirit" can be isolated, and got into communication with, after death—and many of the world's greatest scientists say that it can, and that they have actually done so—if this, I say, is a fact, then it follows as a matter of course that man *has* a "spirit" or "soul" to return; which would be positive, decisive evidence. But this can only be decided, as before emphasized, by actual experimental evidence. Let us, therefore, press our investigations in this direction with as much energy and zeal as in any other; fearlessly tracing to its fountain-head any evidence, any facts, seeming to throw light upon these subjects, and following up that evidence wherever it may lead us. If we encounter difficulties and disappointments on the road—these are only to be expected in investigations such as these; but they should only goad us on to further efforts!—for surely the subject is interesting and important, from any point of view whatever. And if, finally, there is, amidst all the fraud, delusion and reeking superstition in which psychical research is unhappily steeped, some grain, however small, of a transcendental faculty in man, which our science of to-day does

*James, *Psychology*, Vol. I., pp. 134, 138, 154-8, 216, etc.

not recognize, but of which, occasionally, faint glimpses may be caught in investigations such as ours,—then, most assuredly, we should pursue these investigations—this science—with a mind as free from prepossession as it may be our fortune to possess. We live in the hopes of a great discovery, far-reaching and of vast import, and, in such a cause as this—worthy should be that effort, and great should be that hope!

HEREWARD CARRINGTON.

NOTE.

Since the above paper was written, several books and magazine articles have appeared (some of them highly suggestive and exceedingly ingenious), having an important bearing on the subject-matter here under discussion. I should have liked to refer more fully to some of these—somewhat altering the form of the paper for the purpose—but, by special request, I publish it without alteration, and in the form in which it was originally read. H. C.

THE RELATION OF LOVE TO LIFE.

BY LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.

Of all the qualities of the human soul, perhaps the emotions of love have received the most attention from all classes in all climes and among all the various sects and peoples. Yet how many can say that they actually experience the fulness of genuine love for others, or receive an adequate measure of it from them in return for that which they really mean to give?

Everybody wishes to receive love from others; and it is fair to presume that in some way or to some degree all are glad of the opportunity to give it in full measure to some other who needs and will appreciate it. Still, from some common observations, it would seem that few realize what genuine love is or know how either to receive or to give it. Not understanding these points, it would be easy to pass the most honest demonstrations of the emotion without recognition.

As all individuals have listened to the teachings of the world almost continuously from earliest recollections, this result should not be possible. The preacher has always expounded at least the doctrine of love; the poet has sung its sentiments, and the philosopher has stated its importance in life from the standpoint of the higher reason. The ordinary member of society always recognizes its grave importance in social life; and even the calm and calculating scientist declares its physiological importance, considering it, in some form, essential to the continuous integrity of the physical system. All classes continue to sing its praises, yet more people are in trouble about it or about some supposed-to-be essential demonstration of it, than from almost any other cause of trouble.

What is the matter here? Has love gone wrong or neglected any of her duties? Or has man himself gone astray in the matter and coupled love, in his mind, with some phases of personality that are actually foreign to its nature? The first of these suggestions seems quite impossible, while in some respects the other appears to fit the case.

In our inquiry it may be well to first examine the nature of the element itself, for although each of us may at first suppose that he thoroughly understands it, yet experience has shown

widely differing opinions prevail about its nature, its character, and the ways in which it should be tested and applied in experience. In fact, some may deny that it is an element of life, considering it a mere sentiment.

While some persons appear to consider love as a mere function of the mind, and others view it as an emotion of the heart alone, still there seem to be good reasons for the comprehension of higher qualities than either of these and for considering them as indissoluble factors in a true spirit of love. And, indeed, some of these higher features link love so inseparably together as to give it a nature of its own, almost compelling the intellect that understands to think of it as an element of human life without which the divine manifestation would be impossible with mankind. The mere thought of a loveless life is a nightmare to every human being.

With this as with all subjects the world has a superficial notion for the word, which, if it be the only interpretation given by the mind, causes us to lose sight of its best features. The common definition as "the act of loving" tells us nothing of its characterless. The next technical description, "an affection of the heart excited by that which delights or commands admiration," does not go beyond the dictates of the senses, and is clearly based upon personal desire. While it is reasonable and right to exercise love for these purposes while functioning in this phase of life, still, unless we see beyond these external features of it we shall miss the "spirit" of love and so fail to recognize anything which constitutes its real nature or element. There is a fulness and richness to the spirit of love that the sensuous emotion wots not.

A further definition of the word as "moral good will, benevolence, kindness, charity," sinks deeper in the comprehension and suggests objects beyond self-wishes and desire. In fact, the real nature of love is all to be found back of the plane of desire. It does not exist in self-wishes or their emotions. The spirit knows no emotional sentiment; albeit the entire life and the true force of love are both purely spiritual.

The desires of the personal selfhood burn as with an unquenchable fire and are accompanied by destruction of all the finer emotions as well as the finer sentiments. They are

always the means of loss to the individual. On the contrary, however, love itself always glows within the comprehensive soul with a soft and beautiful effulgence of light which discloses the inmost nature of the subject and calls forth that animating spirit of realization of its fundamental goodness which revivifies the heart and generates life in every act. Love is the soul of life.

While the human being is considered as a sensuous personality there can be no clear comprehension of love as an element of his being. He would have no use for it. It would be so foreign to all his comprehensions and thoughts that it would meet with no response in his sentiments or even in his emotions. These being fixed upon personal limitations, his interpretations of love would necessarily be given in those lines, and the level of a sensuous affection based upon his own wishes would be as high as the tide could rise. But little indulgence of thought in this direction is necessary to sink all comprehension of love to the bottomless pit of sensualism, where self-desire holds sway and overrules every suggestion of wholeness or universal good in the life-current of the emotional nature. It is scarcely a step from here to the ground of the bestial nature where humans of either sex grovel lower than any known beast would ever attempt to do.

This, however, is not man's nature. It is the result of a misinterpretation of his real nature which even this deceived one would find vastly better for all of his purposes, if only he understood himself better. It is not man's nature to grovel or to belittle himself, but sense has so beguiled him into the regions of darkness that he can no longer see or understand even himself. This renders it quite impossible that he should rightly conceive of love for others. A higher and purer teaching of love and explanation of its actual bearings upon human life will help more in his regeneration in these lines than any doctrinal teachings or chastisements. Love seeks no punishment. It attracts, revivifies and regenerates every loveless element.

Love is the law of individual life. On the plane of pure and unadulterated spiritual intelligence it is unnecessary as a special concept, because the pure spirit sees in the ultimate of understanding and fully realizes the wholeness of reality. No one is

in need of special favor, for all are the whole. There is no want or desire, because no absence is suspected, consequently no thought arises of either giving or receiving. The satisfaction of spiritual consciousness is complete and all-sufficing.

This, however, is a state seeming to be so far ahead for the many weary pilgrims here that it scarcely receives a thought. On the plane of the soul the individual characteristics come in play and are factors in every problem of life. All things have thus begun to take on the limited features of the appearances of independent existence, and new requirements of thought arise in order that life may be understood on the independent plane. The individual soul is the man, here, and he has brought with him, from the home of the Father, a sense of his pure spirituality which he cannot leave entirely behind, and which he strives to weave into each new life-problem presented.

This, also, enforces the necessity of love in every dealing with others. The inner sense of the wholeness of spirit infuses into every soul-comprehension the responsive feeling of unity and consequent brotherhood in the whole; and although now each is considered as a soul, in the sense of independence, full separation has not yet taken root in his thought, and his heart goes out to each and every soul regardless of distinction. Then the feeling of mutual responsiveness draws all together in a combined realization of the innate goodness of all reality.

The responsive feeling is love. It is the child of the soul-life. It is the offspring of the necessity for retaining a full comprehension of the wholeness of universal reality which is the substance of the being of every soul. Without it the soul would quickly sink to the level of the grossest sense and lose all consciousness of spirit or truth. Love, therefore, is the necessary law of life on the soul-plane. On its perpetually quickening influence depends man's power to retain comprehension of his soul-qualities. Consequently, love is absolutely essential to the existence of the soul, as such, or as a conscious spiritual individual.

The idea, God, is the result in the processes of the soul-mind, of bringing forward with it onto the individual soul-plane its former comprehension of the absolutely whole spiritual Intelligence—the Deity of spirit, life and being. On the outer plane

of soul this ideal must have a name commensurable to its character and its universal nature. The name of the idea becomes a necessity to the mind in external life, the same as love becomes a necessity to the changed state of consciousness from the original pure spirituality to the reflected independent soul-life.

The Apostle says: "God is Love." And so he is. The idea, God, is of the same origin as the idea, Love. They were conceived in the comprehension of the soul, under the same influences and of the same necessities. Both are necessary that man may retain his footing on the spiritual plane while functioning as soul—the independent individual. Both God and Love are essential to the saving of his soul. "He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love," are the words of John, the disciple of love. The "making whole in love" is a common idea in the teachings of John and of Jesus.

Love, then, is more than a sentiment or an emotion. It is a fervor of the soul; but in a spiritual, never in a physical, sense. It partakes of none of the features of passion. True love does not relate to the body or to bodily conditions. He who loves bodies, knows neither love nor God. It has no affinity with sense and cannot be reproduced in physical sensations, for the action of these is the antipodes of the activity of love. (Love based upon sense is only selfishness and soon turns to hate, because of the innate limitation of all the action involved, both in the faculty and the sentiment.) It is reversed at every sensuous turn.

Real love, however, is equally as important to the mind on the more outward plane as to the soul on its own more spiritual plane. The Ego having taken one more step outward in comprehension, and become the mind, is still more separate than when on the plane of soul. Its faculties have become more illusionized and the apparently independent individuality there, now seems to be a separate personal being. As before stated, however, it cannot withdraw entirely from soul-life or abandon all of its qualities. It is still conscious of relations and has inner feelings which are of the activity of the soul and are spiritual. The intelligence of the spiritual soul shines in the higher intelligence of the mind, and reason through logic still adheres to oneness, which is mental unity. The sense of wholeness that thus remains with the mind enables it to retain its comprehen-

sion of goodness, and it continues to appreciate the value of truth. These things cause the mind to turn appreciatively toward others, and in the midst of its greatest confidence in separate existence it yearns most for companionship; for others to share both its sorrows and its seeming joys. Man cannot recognize unity without experiencing love.

This is the same consciousness of being in the one grand whole that impelled the soul to establish love as the binding quality of its independent state of being. It necessitates love here just as much as there. Indeed, the necessity is intensified here, because there is less influence to sustain the consciousness of spirituality. Man, therefore, must love on the plane of mind in order to keep his soul-nature rightly active during his separate life. Without love he is both Godless and lifeless, for he fails to realize either God or himself.

The quality of man's love changes from plane to plane, in exact ratio to the state of his thought. On the outer plane of this life he is apt to think separately and establish mental conditions that exclude all save the particular object of his limited thought. Then his exhibition of love may unintentionally take on a color of limitation and become self-centered. To just the extent of his error in this line will his love prove uncertain, perhaps untrue. But as the intensity of his desires are in full force, he probably will be unconscious of error or limitations and so may suppose that he exercises the highest degree of real love.

The test here is the measure of real soul-quality that discloses itself in the emotion or sentiment indulged. The qualities of the soul are real, as they belong to and are always closely associated with the plane of pure spirit. They can be relied upon always as a sure guide to truthful action. To the same extent that the real and pure qualities of the soul-life can be found in the love that we manifest may it be depended upon as real.

When the mind descends to the plane of sense-action, the gravest danger to the love-nature presents itself; because, the sense of separateness is so prominent that the thought of love is almost certain to be withdrawn from the idea of wholeness, while the sense-mind seeks separate objects of its affection, which is based upon selfish desire.



But man is spirit; and through all the vicissitudes of his outward career he must carry with him, in his inner nature, from each plane to the next lower one, the essence of the elements enjoyed upon the last plane on which he functioned. He cannot withdraw from his own nature except in the seeming of the illusion into which he has fallen. Therefore, even on the sense-plane, where he is determined to be separate in every way, he still is impelled to the exercise of love, as an inner feeling of united oneness, and he seeks companions who are of his own way of thinking. If he follows the propensities of the sense-nature in this seeking, he holds himself as separate, considers his love as a separate affection, and looks for a separate object on which to bestow, *in separateness*, his now thoroughly self-centered sentiment. Here he is on hopeless ground and doomed to the bitterest of disappointment, because the very "separateness" with which he selects the object and bestows his would-be love, limits both its action and its endurance, and at the termination the sentiment dies the natural death of its nothingness. Then, as action must continue for a while, at least, the extreme of the sentiment comes forward and hatred takes possession where love was honestly intended to reign. This is the "reversal" of action, which inevitably follows when thought is not centered in reality.

The salvation of the sense-nature, as regards its power to love, rests entirely upon its willingness to look higher and be guided by the modes of intelligence prevalent on the higher and real planes. The sense-mind must turn to reason and there getting its first lesson learn to direct its thoughts of love into channels of thoughtful appreciation of others. Then, trusting the guidance of the higher intelligence of the mind, instead of the love-propensities of its sensuous nature, it will, in a measure, set itself aside and gauge its power to love by the ability of others to receive. This will elevate its purpose, temper its ardor and regulate its action to an appreciable degree.

Then, when the mind, following the same course, turns upward through its higher and finer faculties and forces and draws inspiration from the soul, and the soul likewise refreshes all its powers from the source of the spirit—then the nectar of the gods will be poured out for the loving individual, and its life-

giving qualities will permeate through all planes on which he functions while learning the intricacies of infinite life. Then the soul-man will love as God loves; his object being the undefined good of the whole. The mind-man will love as the soul loves—its particular object being but an ideal representation of the whole and exemplifying to him the purity and blessedness of the whole. And the sense-man, mindful of the fact that the senses are not himself nor yet his real or best instruments, will love more as his master of sense-life, the mind-man, loves; and his especially selected partner, helper and encourager in life, will be dearer to him in proportion as he sees in her a representation of a growing, developing expression of mind, soul and spirit in human nature—a being to appreciate and for him to help and encourage rather than some one upon whom he may rely for purposes of self-life.

Then God may reign upon earth, not by means of man's sensuousness, but by means of the inviolate spirit still active in man during this life, and which stills the sensuous nature and attunes to its best work. Pure love always stills the passions of the animal nature, quiets the tempestuous ardor of the intellect, calms the sweet affections of the soul and leads the spirit again to God, its maker.

Love is the savior of the soul; the regenerator of the mind; the guide, guard and protector of the sense-man. She pleads wholeness, not separateness in living; for universality, not exclusiveness, both in giving and in receiving. This alone will enable man to appreciate rightly the object of his love, and so render him capable of loving earnestly and in purity of purpose. The heaven rejoices in a lover such as this.

This does not imply that in this life of separate things, acts for separate purposes one need not or must not love his own, neither should it give him license to neglect his own. Not that he should love his own less, but that he should love others more, is the injunction. It is simply that he should not bury his love in the soil of separate personality; but, loving his own in the full capacity of his thought as centered at home and to the full extent of their worthy responsiveness, he should still be himself open to all or to any other of God's children who need his supporting help or encouragement. And those of

his own who are worthy to receive such holy love will rejoice in its universal extension in the spirit. The unfettered love holds power for all as the unbounded sun shines everywhere at once and loses none of its power for shining toward the north because it shines toward the south also. The love which centers upon one *exclusively* is fettered; and its fetters will soon become shackles doubly welded to the stake of hopeless selfhood.

When the mind learns to love in the completeness of the soul's affection it will not miss the seeming features of self-centered affection, but will find itself capable of giving more and greater love and more lasting benefits to each and all of its own. Every heart-throb of universal love extends to all alike, and this makes it a WHOLENESS OF LOVE which goes forth and is received by each member of one's circle the same as by others who are needing its influence.

The individual need not leave undone any duty devolving upon him as a member of society. Action may be directed as required in separate channels, while thought and feeling remain true and universal. Spirit is whole, and no one can rightly be left out of its influence.

These rules and sayings are equally incumbent upon the would-be recipient of love and benefit as upon the giver. Upon one sex as upon the other. All are equal recipients and all share the beneficence of the law. Love itself is universal and knows no exceptions. It is only those who are ignorantly devoted to the illusions of sense that consider love solely or chiefly a matter of sex. Spirit is a united whole and to it sex is unknown; yet love, every one admits, is of the spirit.

The soul is spiritual. It also is universal and it partly realizes that fact. It is individualized being, but not yet dual in comprehension, and it is sexless; yet every one attributes the highest qualities of the love-nature to the soul. Indeed, there are no features of love whatever exhibited on either the plane of the mind or the plane of sense that are worthy of or that receive any commendation from even the worldly reasoner, except those which are understood as belonging to the soul. So love is spiritual and necessarily sexless; and it can only have a spiritual object.

Love, so-called, that requires an object of opposite sex is not love at all, neither indeed can it be; it is lust and is based entirely upon self-desire that is bred from want, which in turn is based upon a sense of absence and realization of emptiness. It is the natural outcome of the opinion that separate being is real. The sense of want develops from the illusion. The selfish desire develops while seeking the gratification of separateness. Lust is not love, neither can it ever become such. Encourage the spirit of universal brotherhood and love will come with it as a messenger of peace to your heart. Affection for those commonly considered to be your own will be better and more lasting, because of its right extension to all. One who truly loves his own is also ready to extend hand, thought or feeling to any one or anything in need at any time, and "his own" are invariably the gainers, because of that helpful thought and act. It is the law of life. It cannot be otherwise.

Love expresses itself in life, and true living is the expression of love. The two are inseparable in the being of each member of the human family. To live is to *be* and to love is to *do*. These constitute the activity of reality. All else is mere detail of the outward operation of these two real qualities of being. This law rightly understood establishes real love between the sexes, in which the soul leads, the mind responds and the sex-nature fulfills the law on its own plane. Such love is sexless, even between the sexes. In such instances sex does not rule, but fulfills the requirements of union which symbolizes the idea of wholeness. Even the sex-act is holy under such circumstances as these.

The pure element of love rests upon purity of heart—i. e., unselfish devotion to whatever is true and real. The pure heart knows no other desire and has no favorites. It does not seek expression through sex; it is too whole and universal for that limited thought. It always extends good will without measure to each and to all, and in this it proves its possession and exercise of genuine love; for universal good-will is love's best expression.

The next inherent tendency of the pure heart in its expression of love, is the extending of universal charity; and this, almost more than any other quality, proves its character as pure, unalloyed love. Charity always goes with the love that one

freely bestows; but when withheld from the many and bestowed upon one only it does not demonstrate love but only favor, which is partial. It is not Godlike. There is no genuine love in it. It will not stand the test of the fire of daily life. The true love that generates in purity of heart prompts always to honorable actions, noble deeds and to a genuine appreciation of such on the part of others. This tends toward enlightenment on all subjects concerning the actions of members of the human family toward each other and conduces to a spirit of freedom that shall be universal with all. Enlightenment and freedom are completed only in love.

These are some of the really practical features of love. They come directly from heaven, through the soul-nature of man. The exchange of thoughts of this order helps to bring together the seemingly many minds of this plane into one mind possessing universal life; therefore, love unifies the mental faculties and helps to concentrate the forces of the mind as well as of the soul.

The longing of the soul which has wandered away from its home in pure spirit, for union with all *here* as it is, was and ever shall be *there*, is one of the chief impelling influences of the action of love. To complete its comprehension of wholeness it evolves its idea, love. Hence, love is a longing for the realization of completeness. This longing is more a determination to be that which is good and to do that which is right than it is a desire for gain. In this it exhibits the highest of Wisdom; and wisdom is the chief loveliness of the soul.

If we comprehend these things we shall realize that love is the most holy impulse of the divine nature of man. It is also the sheet-anchor of the intellectual mind which, without it, would drift helplessly among the rocks of personal illusion. To the sense-nature it is the one promise of regeneration from the mistaken course that has been pursued and to the sex-nature it contains the only hope of continued life.

On all planes of experience love is the chief delight of man. Everything that he does in life is planned according to the amount and kind of love that he can put into it. Each achievement is estimated by the amount of love that it brings to him. He is pleased or not accordingly as he has succeeded in loving that of which his experience is made up. He finds encourage-

ment in an undertaking exactly in proportion to the amount of love aroused within him by the doing; and people interest or bore him in everyday life according to their power to arouse a measure of love within his mind and heart. One never wearies of the activity of genuine love.

Do all these commonplace affairs of life come under the category of love? Certainly! They are the loves of daily life. The actions comprise the so-called life of the day's experience, and the various loves aroused and experienced constitute the spirit of the day's living. Without them or any of the sentiments aroused by them the day would be dull indeed.

It is for such reasons as these that so many people become tired of life. Love has been killed out of all the little acts of life until it will not appear in any; and then the disappointed pessimist destroys his life that he may go where he can love. It may be done here just as well if we go about it in the right way. We need not die in order to realize the qualities of soul-life. Begin now and love something, some one, some feature of life's action. Study out its qualities and insist upon seeing its beauties. They are there no matter how forbidding the appearance at first sight. Set pessimism aside and allow the soul to prompt the mind until it finds the reality that is present. "Deep down in the mud and scum of things, always, always, something sings," writes Emerson, the most optimistic thinker of modern times. And Emerson is right. Love prevails always, everywhere, and it only needs the joyous tones of the singing soul to demonstrate its holy beneficence in every field of life, in every pleasure, and in each duty that falls upon our shoulders.

The soul always knows love, and by its demonstration of love we may always measure its growth. Let us not lower our love to the base plane of sensuous desires, but let us by every thought and feeling elevate our sense-thoughts to the real plane of true love. Then sense itself may become a pikestaff to aid us in climbing the mountain of attainment.

Is this too philosophic or abstruse for understanding or for use in daily life? Not at all! It relates to everything that we do and to every one whom we know or with whom we deal. It involves our own special loves—of our wives, husbands, children, relatives, friends, neighbors, conferees or supposed enemies.

And more than all the others combined, of our *enemies*, for it is the only solvent of their crystallized errors. All the others may take care of themselves, but our enemies need to be loved.

Difficult! do you say? No, not for love. It is easy for love to rule, for that is its nature. It is only "difficult" for Sense, your own sense of self-will, to yield a point to love, which can and will do the work so easily as to put self-will to shame.

Enemies cannot stand in the presence of love when rightly exercised. The steady look of her calm, soulful eyes will cause the face of the sturdiest enemy to right-living to blanch, then cause it to flush with shame that so base a thought had entered the mind; and the victory is won without a blow or a word.

The easiest conquest known in the world is the conquest of love; for love is the true, responsive feeling of the heart of man to the spirit of God; the divine realization of Wholeness in human intercourse.

Love, abundantly, everything real or true, everywhere, all the time, and live forever; for Love is life, and life is God. And the *idea of God* is man's realization of the Whole. Thus "God is Love"; and "He that loveth not knoweth not God." Peace dwells forever in the bosom of perfect Love.

LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE.

STONES FOR BREAD.

One of the most potent factors in the evolution of mankind is the desire, on the part of parents, to establish such conditions as will enable their children to enjoy a larger measure of comfort, happiness and intellectual development than has fallen to their own lot.

They spare no effort to remove from the path that their loved ones must tread the stones of ignorance over which the parents have stumbled and been bruised, the briars of superstition and prejudice in which they have been entangled, and to cast the light of the hardly-won experiences of the present generation forward to illumine the way for those who must take up the burdens of life and carry forward the world's work during another generation.

With this end in view, every important discovery in the field of science is recorded in the educational text-books, the wonderful improvements in mechanical appliances and their application to the needs, convenience and well-being of the race are explained to the youth and held up as incentives to further invention. In effect, the parents say to the children, "Your forefathers have carried forward and upward the torch of evolution since it was but a twinkling taper in the night of utter barbarism. Through the darkness of ignorance—the storms of persecution—over rough and strange paths. They fended it with their bodies from the effort of king and priest to extinguish it; their strength, their breath, their lives have been freely expended to brighten its flame.

"We pass it to your young hands, burning clear and bright. If you and yours do but bear it forward with like care and effort its light will increase to a lambent flame that shall banish from earth the shadows of that ignorance which is the prime cause of sin and sorrow, and in its effulgence the race shall bask in peace and happiness."

Yes, parents are willing and glad to hand to their children all the fruits of evolution—all the results of their own experience, EXCEPT ONE, and that one, in its bearing upon the present and future of the race, the most important of all—Religious

Instruction. In every other field of knowledge the parent provides for the child, to the best of his ability, the means of learning the latest discovered truths, the wisest conclusions and best experimental results reached by best minds of his age; but when the child seeks knowledge on the paramount subject of his own being, the parent relegates him to the darkness in which he himself, his parents, aye, his ancestors of a thousand years ago, were immured—darkness out of which he has perchance struggled, with pain and vast effort, to the light—darkness in which the child must either abide—break forth through like tribulation, or, weary of the effort of seeking the light, fall into the blind gulf of materialism.

Let me illustrate by a personal experience:

I have two friends, a man and woman, persons of education and intelligence. This man and wife were raised under the strictest forms of orthodox, dogmatic religion. Their early lives were darkened by its shadow. It is impossible to draw a strict boundary between light and darkness, and the bright light of truth and reason which was cast upon all other matters which they studied sent its rays into the darkness of their religious teaching, revealing its inconsistencies with all other truths they learned, and, worst of all, its utter inadequacy to fill their spiritual needs.

Little by little, one mesh at a time, they broke through the entangling net of dogmatic error and emerged into freedom and light. Their anthropomorphic, Semitic God faded into the mists of mythology, with Jupiter, Zeus, Odin and Asshur, and his place was taken by the IS of Law and Love that fills the universe, and they no longer recognized themselves as "worms of the dust," but as immortal entities, "one with the Father," and ready to absorb for themselves every ray of that "New Thought" that is flashed from the Universal Mind to the souls that are ready to receive it.

This couple has children, bright, intelligent boys and girls, of ages at which the young mind absorbs ideas as the flower absorbs the dewdrops. Their friend gave these children, for their instruction, a work which he considered the best, purest, most simple and most truly Christian that had ever come to his observation, "The Wise-Man and the Sea Urchins," by Eva Best. To his intense astonishment, the parents brought it back and said that they did not wish the children to read it. He asked, "Did you find in this work anything objectionable or inconsistent with your own belief?"

"Oh, no," they replied, "we read it, and considered it to be most beautiful and its teachings to be *holy truth*." "Then why object to the children reading it?" "Because we never talk to or before the children about such matters. We send them to the _____ Sunday-School, and desire to let them have the same teaching as we had, and think these things out for themselves, *as we did*."

This incident (and it is no uncommon one) illustrates fully the point desired to be made. While every other branch of human knowledge has evolved—is evolving daily—that knowledge of true religion which is, in effect, social science; the science of cause and effect; the science of man's relations and duties to his brother man; that science, the knowledge or ignorance of which involves the happiness or misery of the whole race—must know no evolution.

The text-book of last year in history or geography is thrown out of our schools because a newer one containing later discovered truths—more accurate definitions—must take its place. But for religious instruction the traditions of a barbarous and ignorant people, as one text-book, and the ethical doctrines of a great teacher, which have undergone the interpolation and elimination of centuries of unscrupulous priestcraft, for the other text-book, are considered amply sufficient. The fact that the spirit, and frequently the letter, of the two books are directly in opposition one to the other, and also must either nullify or be nullified by the weekday teaching in the public schools, is wholly disregarded.

There are thousands of people such as those described above pursuing a similar course with their children, and, all unthinkingly, hindering the evolution of the race.

The lady who sits working her improved sewing machine by the light of the electric lamp, perhaps in her youth wearily stitched with needle and thread by the dim light of a tallow candle; but she would not insist that her daughter should be condemned to use needle and candle until she should "think out" an electric light and a sewing machine "for herself." The man who drove an ox cart to mill in his boyhood, does not desire his son to move the grain in the same manner instead of shipping it by rail, yet these are but parallel cases to that of those who desire their children to "begin as they did."

The mind of mankind is a crystal which evolution is slowly polishing, and which, with each passing generation becomes clearer

and more capable of reflecting the thoughts of the Eternal Mind in which all things are, have been and will be contained, and these reflections are the "New Thought." The universal fatherhood of God—the universal brotherhood of man, the law of love, the immutable sequence of effect to cause, the influence of mind (spirit) over material conditions, reincarnation, the result of each act and thought of the individual upon the condition and welfare of all—all these, and many more that now are, and many, very many more that are to come, as the mirror is brightened to reflect them, are thoughts which, if thought out to their results and manifested in action, would lift the race to a plane of power, happiness, knowledge, compared to which its present condition would be such mere barbarism and folly that men, looking back upon its records, would wonder how sane people could have endured such conditions.

No, these thoughts are not wholly "New Thoughts." The roughest crystal has some salient points that will reflect in miniature, and in all ages there have been men and women who have been reflecting points for some of these ideas, and have tried to make them known to their fellow-men; but the crash of contending armies led on to slaughter by kings, and the howls of priests who feared the loss of their power over men, have drowned their voices—but the thoughts live on.

Now, evolution has polished so wide a surface of the mirror of mind that the enemies of progress, and those who hope to profit by the ignorance or errors of mankind, must direct their efforts to marring the brightness of the surface by smearing it with old dogmas, superstitions, prejudices and fears.

Brothers—sisters, who love the race, who believe in its final redemption from ignorance and its consequent sin and sorrow—it is against the efforts of these we must guard. Not only must you let your own light shine before men, but you must unite your efforts by banding together and supporting each other in strenuous efforts to keep bright the face of the mirror of truth. Whenever a smear of falsehood or superstition is cast upon it, hasten to wipe it off with brave words of truth.

Remember that whenever you, knowing better, acquiesce in or countenance a false dogma or a slander upon the Infinite, you are aiding to smear the mirror, and when you put the children back into the dark you are arranging to waste their lives in doing over

again what you have accomplished—in building a new stair instead of using the one you have painfully built, when they should be climbing to heights above that on which you now stand, and that in doing so you are blocking the wheels of evolution.

C. E. CUMMING.

PERSONAL IMMORTALITY—A LETTER.

Editor METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE, 500 Fifth Ave., New York.

DEAR SIR:—In the April-June number of THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE the article on “Personal Immortality” attracts my attention because of its erroneous deductions.

In the first place, as I understand the question, it is not one of Personal Immortality, but of Individual Immortality. The *personality* of the *individual man* is constantly changing as he advances from stage to stage in the progress of his development and unfoldment, but through all this his individuality remains the same and unchanged.

What is MAN?

Most simply stated: Man is an individualized partial expression of the Infinite Self-existence as it manifests Itself on Its human plane of being.

How is this manifestation effected?

By the Infinite Self-existence attaining to expression in and through a HUMAN FORM.

And how is this accomplished?

By differentiation through the process of evolution.

Has the soul of man, the individualized I of man's self-conscious being, existed from all eternity?

No, not as an individualized entity, but simply as a potential quality of the Infinite Self-existence that awaits the evolution of a Human Form through which it may attain to manifestation as a self-conscious individualized existence, a personalized ego of self-conscious being that, self-contained, self-centered, looks out upon all other expressions of the Infinite Self-existence as something not of itself; the I, and the not I.

When, then, did the first human soul begin to exist?

When the first *human form* was evolved, and it will persist just as long as that *form* is maintained, and no longer.

Is there any evidence of the persistence of the Human Form?

Yes. It is found in this: that under normal conditions no form enters upon the process of disintegration until its animating soul or ego has attained to its fullest expression of its individualized existence; just as soon as it attains to that condition, deterioration, and later disintegration, begins. This is true of both vegetable and animal forms, and must also be true of the human form.

In the evolution of the *human form*, Self-existence has attained to a condition of unfoldment whereby in Its individualized expression, as Man, it can reason abstractly, and perceive and acquire a knowledge of things as existing outside of Its expression as an Individual, and it follows as a logical sequence that the sufficient unfoldment of this quality and characteristic of the human form would permit and enable the Infinite in Its finited expression, as man, to gain a conscious knowledge of Its own inherent qualities.

It therefore follows, as there is no known limit to the unfoldment and growth of man's intellectual and moral powers, that there can be no limit assigned to his advancement, unfoldment and growth, and, therefore, as the Human Form furnishes the needed conditions to enable the Individualized I of the man to ever continue to unfold and attain to fuller and higher perceptions, it never reaches the condition of absolute perfection of expression, and, therefore, never reaches that point where disintegration of a form must begin.

Our author is exceedingly unfortunate in his illustration of the house. He makes the grave error of stating that the material of which a house is constructed constitutes the house. Nothing could well be further from the truth. A house is something entirely separate and apart from the material that enters into its construction.

A house is purely a conception, and the material is only used to give that conception an objective existence. What particular material is used for that purpose is of no consequence, in so far as the construction of the house is concerned.

Let us bring together all the material of which a house is to be constructed and pile it on the site selected for our house, but as yet we have no house.

Now let the builders put it all together as the architect

has directed in the plan, and then we shall have a house.

Take away all the material, pull it apart and again pile it up, and no house remains. Now, instead of taking it all away at one time, take away a door and put in its place another door; then take a window and put in another, and you have the same house remaining. Continue the process until not one single particle of the material first used remains, but piece by piece other material has been substituted, and you have the same house still.

It is the same with the human body and the human form. The particles of the body change continually, but the same individualized body remains.

So the animating soul, by its growth and unfoldment, develops and perfects the human form, but it ever remains the same individual form, and thereby preserves the individuality of its finited expression of the Infinite Soul.

There is no manifestation of Mind except in conjunction with Matter. Mind and Matter are the two poles of Self-existent Being, and Consciousness Its Soul.

We know but little of the several states and conditions of Matter on the various planes of the expression of the Infinite Self-existence, but it is a safe deduction that matter constitutes the objective form on all planes of being.

All manifestations of the Infinite Self-existence, or of God, if that term is preferred to designate the ALL OF BEING, are, Man included, but so many individualized expressions of Itself, and the character and quality of each of these partial expressions of the Infinite is determined and compelled by the FORM in and through which the manifestation takes place.

This is the Law; and in its operation it is absolute and permits no exceptions.

A beautiful illustration of this Law on the Organic Plane is observed in the horticulturist's art, when he inserts a graft from a pear-tree into a limb of an apple-tree. When this graft has grown and has become a limb of the tree, in the time of fruitage it produces pears, the same as grow upon the parent tree from which it was cut as a little twig, but all the other branches of the tree produce apples.

The tree has but one trunk, and the same Life Force flows

up from its roots through this trunk, but when it enters the limb that was cut from the pear-tree it is *forced* to ultimate itself as a pear.

Why?

Because it is attaining to its ultimate expression in fruit and seed in and through the *form* of the pear. There is no other reason, no other cause.

This phenomenon also demonstrates that there is but ONE LIFE FORCE, but that its expressions vary as do the *forms* through which it manifests.

On the Inorganic Plane we have also a beautiful and convincing illustration of this same universal Law operating as FORCE.

From the great electric power-plants of our cities there goes forth a current of electricity, carried upon a single conductor. From this conductor other smaller currents are drawn for service, and each is made to pass through a motor and manifest as power, to pass through a lamp and manifest as light, or through a bath and do plating, and so on, doing all the various work and producing all the varied results that are obtained from its use, and each of these results is obtained by making this one electric force flow through differing constructions, thus demonstrating beyond the power of refutation that *form* ever and always determines the character of the manifestation.

All manifestations of the Self-existence that have been, are or will be, must of necessity be contained potentially within it, otherwise they could not come forth from it, and through the process of evolution it is ever active in giving individualized expression to its inherent potentialities, each earlier and lower expression serving as a basis for the next higher form.

So far in Its unfoldment the Human Form is the highest in and through which It has attained to individualization.

If we knew that the human form was the highest and most perfect form inhering potentially in the Self-existence, then we would know that the Individual Man is immortal.

But that we do not know; there may be a still more perfect Form potentially inherent in the Self-existence, waiting to manifest when the conditions are prepared.

If such be the case, then man is but a means to the perfecting of those conditions, and his immortality but a dream.

Man has just one chance for immortality, and that is that the Human Form is the ultimate of all Forms.

JOHN FRANKLIN CLARK.

THE SONG OF REINCARNATION.

O spaceless void! Inchoate void!
Epoch long closed ere birth of Time!
Abyss, of sound and speech devoid,
How shall I grasp thy tale in rhyme?
Thou ocean of unmoving gas!
Sea of silent potential fires!
What thought shall bid a spirit pass
To waken thee to world's desires?

Sweet Atom of earth's later life,
Incarnate soul of Nature's smile,
How shall I show that thou wert rife,
Though sleeping in that moveless pile?
How could I tell myself was there,
Inchoate yet, as souls of dream,
Had not I lived that mystic air,
And rode myself that plastic stream?

Once more I see you Mystic Flash—
Breath of ne'er-born Omnipotence—
Among those sleep-stilled atoms dash
Desire, their swift deliverance.
I see those sleep-thralled gases rise,
Each seeking each its swift desire,
And mold themselves in earths and skies,
As mountains rise from volcan fire.
Once more I feel the mighty swirls
Bearing me on, a helpless flash
Of strong desire, through ceaseless whirls
Until we each with other clash
And sink united there as one,
Desire at rest, in speechless stone.

What ages passed, Oh! who may tell?
Time yet unbound of fettering day.
Yet Desire was not dead, it fell
Asleep enwrapped in senseless clay.

How oft, lost heart, the ages past
We broke the silent seals of Death,
Oft-sundered, yet ever at last
Together wafted, on thy breath,
Potent Desire, Creative Love!
Fulfilling in life's slender span
The yearnings that through æons rove
And blossom in the heart of man.

Art thou still sleeping uncreate?
Hath not thy soul found earthly frame
Wherein thy Fate might mediate
With Death to give thee life again?
Within the endless halls of dreams
I catch a presence, and a smile
Floats softly round me as the streams
Of godlike Dawn float o'er the pile
Of night-drear clouds, unthrilled of sense
Of aught but vague, unformed desires,
Till, bathed in that bright immanence
They flush o'er earth Morn's quick'ning fires.

I sense thee on far-echoing hills,
Where, lone, I seek thy wandering heart,
And wanton in the voice that thrills
The soul of silence. See thee start
From hidden halls of memory
And fix thy face on fleeting flower,
And I thy honey haunting bee.
Or, list beside some woodland bower
A mate-lorn robin's plaintive cry;
And, through the mists of ages, see
Me beating air on pinions high,
To ward some precious nest and thee.

Yea, thou art living, for I hear
 On smiling lips of Morn, a song;
 The breezes of the night waft near
 Strange time-old memories that throng

With Love's eternal melodies,
 Sweet as the rose-breathed hymn of June,
 And long age-cycling memories
 Hold none but thee might wake such tune.

Sweet one, awake! Dost thou ne'er feel
 Soft whispers on thy heart-chords thrill?
 Bethink thee does there never steal
 A longing that ye may not still
 Upon thy soul? Some memory,
 Sweet ghost of joys since long time flown,
 So haunting, if ye cast it by
 It e'er reclaims thee as its own?

F. H. WILLIAMS in "*The Anvil*."

MY CREED.*

I count myself the faithful friend
 Of every child of earth,
 I dare not say of one who lives,
 He has ignoble birth.

For on the brow of every one,
 Though dark that brow may be,
 I trace the light of life divine,
 In low or high degree.

Christ said, "Abide ye all in love,"
 That mandate I revere,
 And trust that it may be my guide
 Through all my wanderings here.

"All lovely things of good report"
 I seek, as flowers, the sun,
 But more I love the peace of mind
 That comes with duty done.

* By permission of the author.

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

And when earth's children seek my aid,
I hear love's high command,
And if within my power to bless,
I dare not stay my hand.

As wandering birds, storm-stayed at night,
Oft in my home find rest,
So would I greet each weary soul
As some dear angel-guest.

And though in deeds but ill expressed,
This purpose meets your view,
Know this, oh, friends, in humble trust
That duty I pursue.

By rules the unthinking world holds good,
I pray you, judge me not,
For, reading oft love's higher law,
Those rules I soon forgot.

But ne'er by following base desires
Do we that law fulfil;
Pure motives wedded to pure deeds
Bespeak th'obedient will.

I'd grant no armistice to wrong,
I'd parley not with sin;
I say to every youthful heart
Let not the tempters in.

But, oh! I judge not men by rank,
I see the balanced scale
Of Justice in the hands of God,
And know truth will prevail.

And looking back o'er æons past,
As through a long dark night,
I read that what was once called wrong,
Stands now revealed as right.

The symbol'd birth of Truth and Love
Was given when Christ was born;
The whitest flowers spring from the mire,
Night brings the radiant morn.

BELLE BUSH.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

PROGRESSING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE still maintains its position as the leader of all liberal publications. It has run the gantlet of adverse influences, and, in a literary sense, at least, has come out ahead, easily distancing would-be competitors and demolishing obstructions.

In the worldly features of existence that are necessary for its continued life, its work has been hindered somewhat, in ways that could not at once be overcome.

This has not been a fault of any one now associated with either its production or its management. Each of these has always done his full duty under all circumstances. To all concerned the munificent law of RIGHT WITHIN THE PRINCIPLES OF REALITY is eternally good, and each receives his just and even deserts.

Through all delays THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE has retained its character and to-day stands as firmly as ever on the ground of its original purpose, which is clear and strong in the mind of its founder and is adhered to by all concerned. Its good work will continue, we believe, unimpeded. There is still much to do.

It will return to its original status as a "monthly" as soon as conditions will allow.

Unlimited power to extend the work rests within our knowledge and facilities, but the physical features constantly demand the financial support of its appreciative adherents.

No other periodical attempts to do the work of this one. Its purpose is clear and always uppermost, and will continue to develop

through increased understanding. In this manner the work will perpetually improve in character and usefulness for the good of future generations.

A full faith worketh much ; and he who *works with* the hidden law always possesses a powerful ally. We work for principles, and these, we believe, always receive support.

The kind of raiment and coin which we may realize still in our possession after the Stygian shores are reached, may be measured *least of all* as dollars are counted. How many dollars are required to cover the nakedness of a soul ; or to provide shelter for a conscience pursued ; or ease for a heart ravished and distressed ?

God pity the mistaken one who enters the coming state possessing *only* dollars, guineas or their equivalent ! These may buy oars to speed the boat upon its way, but never sandals for weary feet that walk upon the shore, when the soul finds itself void of real understanding.

Let us measure the soul and learn of its qualities sublime, while still we may exercise our powers of learning through experience. This gives greater joy *here*, and lays up treasure which no chance can take from us *there*. The resources of the spirit are *ONE* in reality—not "*millions*" in illusion. That which the soul possesses remains permanent through the ages ; but the illusions of the sensuous mind pass in a night.

DELUSION OF LIFE STATISTICS.

The statistics produced at the recent session of the International College of Actuaries, despite all that is boasted, actually shows both a general decay of vitality and a progressive increase in our knowledge of the way to ward off things that menace life. For children the conditions are bettering, but for the old they seem to be worse. "The most marked improvement is shown in the early periods of life," remarks the *Scientific American*. "In the latter epochs of life there is an evidence of retrogression."

In short, there should be a change in the motives which impel active life. The incessant worry and unrest which business men

undergo, as well as the enforced idleness of others, and the useless career of the tramp and loafer, are so many precursors of mental failure, moral aberration and premature decay.

There are states of hysteria and insanity in which there is a discontinuance with the nerves of pain; and the same is common during the excitement of battle. Nature, "red in tooth and cloth," may be more merciful than she seems. Indeed, it will be found, upon closer acquaintance, that she is never cruel.

THE "NEW MYSTICISM."

A distinct reaction has been noted against the materialistic trend of the last century. It is described by a writer in the *London Quarterly Review* as having been to a large extent suggested by Science and developed out of it, but with a correspondence with Neo-Platonism and former Christian mysticisms. Edmond Schuré, the poet, Maurice Maeterlinck and Alfred Tennyson are enumerated among the exponents. "What is said by them to-day may be said by multitudes to-morrow."

TURKS EDITING THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The government of Turkey is giving trouble to the American Bible Society. The censor of the New Testament in Turkish objects to the naming of Macedonia, and insists on the substituting of another name. The encouragement which Paul says the disciples in Thessalonika gave to believers in Macedonia and Achaia (1 Thess. 1:7-8) is especially offensive to him. More objectionable still, as may be presumed, is the account of Paul's vision in Acts, xvi, 9, in which a man prays the apostle to "come over into Macedonia and help." Turkish exegesis can not make out any other meaning than an appeal to help the Macedonians in revolt against the Sultan's government. The censor accordingly proposes to amend the text by striking out the name of Macedonia and substituting the phrase: "The vilayets of Salonika and Monaster."

Another exception was to the expression that "Christ came to save sinners." He proposed to amend it so as to read: "Christ came to save Christian sinners." This difficulty has been compromised, we do not know how.

TRIBUTE TO DOCTOR HIRAM K. JONES, THE REPRESENTATIVE PLATONIST OF AMERICA.

There are those who seek eagerly for notoriety and those who shrink from it. The wise are not conscious of the wisdom of their utterances, but are astonished when they hear these praised. It is well that both these classes exist. They are essential to the work of the world, the one influence in the doing of it properly. Doctor Jones was of this latter number. Though too diffident to cherish ambition for leadership, he was always ready to further whatever would instruct or benefit others. Not satisfied with scientific and professional attainments, though excelling in them, he pushed enquiry beyond that he might learn of the reasons and causes of what he saw; and so, when he could have achieved fame as a scientist he was content with the modest pursuits of the philosopher. He took his place as a worker in his profession, as a neighbor and a citizen, everywhere doing faithfully everything that he undertook. He cared to be good rather than great.

Doctor Jones was born in Virginia, July 2, 1818. The family, however, removed to Missouri not long afterward, where a farm had been purchased, and there he spent his boyhood. He early developed a taste and aptitude for scientific learning. Laying aside the hoe and scythe he became a student in Illinois College, and after graduating entered the medical department to obtain also a professional education. He engaged in practice in Missouri, but perceiving the political drift toward civil conflict he returned to Jacksonville. For several years he was associated with the medical staff in one of the charitable institutions, but afterward established a lucrative practice.

Jacksonville is a college town. It has not only the Illinois College, but three academic institutions for young women and three of the State charitable institutions, and it abounds with literary clubs and societies. Doctor Jones soon found a circle where he could be at home. He became a trustee of the college, and for many years was Professor of Philosophy. He devoted his leisure to scientific research and soon accumulated a large library of scientific and philosophic publications. He had two editions of Plato's works in Greek with three English translations; also the works of Aristotle, Plutarch, Plotinus, Porphyry, Iamblichos,

Proklos and others of the ancients; Bishop Berkeley, Stewart, Hamilton, Kant, Fichte, Hegel, Schopenhauer and other sages, and of the various scientists and historians down to Elié Reclus. The whole collection is now the property of the Illinois College.

Twice he journeyed to Europe, also visiting Egypt, Palestine and Syria. He could not hide his light from view. Philosophy had become his favorite pursuit outside of his profession.

The "Plato Club," for several decades, met of Saturdays at his house in West College Avenue, till the numbers were thinned out by death. He was familiar with Mr. Emerson, and it was on a visit to Concord that there was planned the famous Summer School of Philosophy. The organization consisted of Mr. A. Bronson Alcott as Dean, S. H. Emery, Jr., as Director, Frank B. Sanborn as Secretary, with whom as members of the Faculty were Dr. Jones and Prof. William T. Harris, now Commissioner of Education. There were other lecturers, among them Mrs. E. D. Cheney, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Col. Thomas W. Higginson, Rev. W. H. Channing, Rev. Dr. J. S. Kedwin, David A. Wasson, Dr. F. H. Hedge, Pres. Noah Porter, Rev. Cyrus Bartol, Rowland G. Hazard, D. J. Snider and others. The School was opened on the 15th of July, 1879, and continued year by year till 1885.

Dr. Jones lectured chiefly upon the philosophy of Plato. He recognized in all religions the common idea of the One Cause, and declared that good health is an indispensable condition for a beautiful soul. His last discourse upon "The Symposium" transcended all the rest in beauty and elegance. He was enraptured with his subject. The next day he left Concord and never came again.

My acquaintance with Dr. Jones began at the School in 1881. The next Summer I attended during the entire term, and we became close friends. Our intimacy continued till the last.

In July, 1883, was organized the "American Akadêmê" at Jacksonville. Dr. Jones was its President, and monthly meetings were held at his house for ten years. Its papers and transactions were published first in "The Platonist" and afterward in eight volumes of the "Journal of the American Akadêmê." The papers were contributed by members, most of them residents of Jacksonville, and others living elsewhere. The number of enrolled members exceeded four hundred.

Dr. Jones always took a warm interest in the Illinois College. His distinguished cousin, Mr. William J. Bryan, while in attendance there, was a guest at his house. In 1877 he presented the corporation of the College with a new building for lectures, meetings and library, as a memorial of his deceased wife. A tablet bore her name, while his own, "Hiram Kennard Jones," was also commemorated upon another.

The occasion was duly honored by the college by the holding of a "Philosophical Symposium" in the new building, which was attended by citizens, alumni and invited guests from all parts of the country. The initial address was delivered by the writer, on "The Practical Value of Philosophy." Dr. Jones himself also spoke. The final address of the occasion was delivered in the evening by Dr. W. T. Harris, Commissioner of Education.

Dr. Jones continued in professional pursuits till a few months before his death. This took place June 16, 1903. Never seeking distinction for himself, the recognition came spontaneously from all who knew him, of being the representative Platonist of America. He was a generous contributor to benevolent purposes, and he has left behind him a large accumulation of manuscript, which he had once contemplated publishing. He never approved of looking upon this life as a wretched, brief affair, but believed it the very best for the soul. But man can make it better. We have existed before, he declared; we go out and return; the soul has other cycles than this.

Such was the belief, such the record, of Hiram K. Jones.

A. W.

RELIGIOUS SYMBOLS IN ANCIENT KRETE.

The exhuming of archeologic remains in the island of Krete or Kandia, has been very successful. Minos and his famous cave-temple, the Labyrinth, are now known to modern explorers. Here the Minotaur or Man-bull, or the cherub, was worshipped and received sacrifices of human victims. The Dove and the Double Axe were also prominent symbols. In archaic times the dove represented Nature as the Great Mother of gods and men, the Aphrodite or heavenly Venus. The axe was an Egyptian symbol, the hieroglyphic of Absolute Divinity.

Man's duty to his fellow-man is based on his duty to himself.

THE PLANET JUPITER UNDERGOING CHANGE.

The planet Jupiter, which has been evening star for many weeks, seems to be in a state of great commotion. There has been a great red spot visible upon it for more than twenty years past, and many smaller spots, both dark and light, are to be seen drifting over its surface. It is conjectured that these are produced by an uprush of eruptional material. Another phenomenon has attracted attention of scientists. The disk of the planet is known to be oval, the proportion of the polar and equatorial diameters being 16 to 17. Several times there has appeared a flattening of the circumference. Saturn has exhibited a similar phenomenon, but never Venus or Mars. It is doubtless caused by active movements in the atmosphere, and the apparent protuberance, which appears and disappears in a few hours, is said to exceed three thousand miles in height.

RELIC OF THREE MILLION YEARS AGO.

A complete skeleton of the oldest known mammal in existence has been on exhibition at the American Museum of Natural History in New York. It is the *Panto lambda*, and was unearthed in New Mexico. Its estimated approximate age is three million years.

ANCIENT TROY AND ITHAKA.

It may be, and probably is, a fact that the great poems of Homer, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, are allegories. Nevertheless, there was a Troy or Ilion where now is the mount of Hissarlik, in Asia Minor, three miles from the Dardenelles. There have been seven towns there, one superimposed upon the other; Troy being the second from the bottom. Professor Doerpfeld seems to have identified the principal points indicated in the *Iliad*. It was not, however, a large city, so far as discovered; probably the outlying suburb embraced by it had been destroyed by the invaders. Mr. Gladstone has already shown that the people were Asiatic, and indeed the names of Ilos, Ilion, Assaracus and others show as much.

The present island known as Ithaka was not the territory ruled over by Odysseus. Professor Doerpfeld believes he has found the true Ithaka in the island known as Leukes, situate about twenty miles north from it in the *Ægean Sea*. The condi-

tions agree with those described in the *Odyssey*, while those of the island now called Ithaka do not.

CIVILIZATION OF REMOTE ANTIQUITY.

Explorations in Egypt and the East indicate an antiquity to civilized life, which a century ago would have been sneered at as incredible. The valley of the Euphrates has yielded up records of eight thousand years ago, and even then ancient Chaldea was cultured and old. Professor Flinders-Petrie has excavated Abydos in Upper Egypt, whence Aha or Menes, the founder of the problematic First Dynasty, proceeded to take the dominion of all the country of the Nile. Yet he was himself only the successor of numerous generations that were kings before him. Abydos was the capital long before the rise of Memphis and Thebes, and there have been unearthed ten successive temples, one over the other. An ivory statuette of Khufu or Cheops, the builder of the Great Pyramid, indicates the vast time which had already passed while Egypt possessed a high civilization. And still the evidences of human antiquity and of culture in the arts and amenities of civilized life are multiplying.

LIBERTY AS JUDICIALLY DEFINED.

In 1897, Justice R. W. Peckham gave, with the concurrence of the Supreme Court of the United States, the following decision: "'Liberty,' as used in the Fourteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution, comprehends not merely the right to freedom from physical restraint, but also the right 'to pursue any livelihood or calling, and, for that purpose, to enter into all contracts which may be proper.'"

STARS THAT DO NOT SHINE.

Numerous non-luminous stars are known to exist. They are found in association with those which shine, and in many cases revolve regularly around a central sun. The star Algol, in the constellation Perseus, has such a planet, which accounts for its changeable appearance. At one time it appears to be of the second magnitude, then suddenly fades to the apparent dimension of the fourth. It is supposed that this planet, passing between it and us, cuts off the light. Such facts give rise to curious speculations, such as whether they are bodies that have

passed beyond their former conditions or are new worlds yet to be finished for habitation.

ROUND TOWERS IN THE EXTREME NORTH.

Captain Otto Sverdrup, the head of the Second Polar Expedition, publishes the fact that he found in that far North within the Arctic Circle, two of those mysterious stone towers, of which Ireland affords so many examples, but which are also dotted throughout the world. The reader of O'Brien's "Round Towers of Ireland" will appreciate the significance of Captain Sverdrup's discovery.

THE FATHERS KILL; THE SONS COMMEMORATE.

A monument is about to be erected at Geneva, in Switzerland, in honor of Miguel Serveto, the martyr. It is to bear the following inscription, as translated:

"Erected in memory of Michael Servetus—victim of the religious intolerance of his time and burned for his convictions at Champel, October 27, 1553—by followers of John Calvin, three hundred and fifty years later, as expiation for that act and to repudiate all coercion in matters of faith."

MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN TO HORSES.

An imposing ceremony took place on the 24th of October last at Burston, in the County of Surrey. Lady Collins, the wife of Sir William Collins, M.D., unveiled a handsome drink-fountain and horse trough, the gift of Mr. William Tebb, the distinguished philanthropist, to the town. It bore the unique inscription:

"In memory of the Mute Fidelity of the 400,000 horses killed and wounded at the call of their masters during the South African War, 1899-1902, in a cause of which they knew nothing, this fountain is erected by a Fellow-Creature."

There was a large attendance and addresses were made by citizens of high rank in honor of the donor and the purpose. Lieutenant-General Phelps spoke of the terrible sufferings endured by the horses and draught animals in the South African War for want of water, and believed that this memorial would be followed elsewhere for the relief of these suffering servants of man.

DOGMAS DECAYING AND DISAPPEARING.

The mind rejects the old dogmas. It eliminates them by the very fact that it can no longer assimilate them. Doubt is denial only in appearance. Incredulity denies only what it cannot reconcile with truth, which the Church itself, after vain resistance, was forced to admit. In short, dogmas correspond to a science and a philosophy that have been supplanted by a new science and a new philosophy. There is no reaction, no persecution, no wealth, no discipline that can give back to the Church her authority over minds. Dogmas can no more revive than the conception of the universe and of life which gave them birth. This is a law of thought from which there is no escape.—*Gabriel Sévilles*.

WHAT WE WANT.

It is not more government that we want; it is more philosophy, more spirituality, more of the religion that recognizes and knows. We want more perception of the unity of humanity, and of the potentialities of men. We need the spiritual vision which sees the divinity of man, the holy light which is the heritage of all, in whose glories lie all genius, all music and the magic of the beautiful. It is more reverence that we need, more reverence for the eternal and less reverence for the transient and the unworthy.—*New Century*.

THE UNSWERVING LAW.

One of the main causes of the fall of Rome was the indiscriminate admission to citizenship of vast hordes of aliens, destitute alike of Roman sentiment and Roman aspiration. A force no less destructive to the Empire was the greed for personal gain, which supplanted the unselfish hardihood of Rome's early days. Rome fell, not from fortuitous circumstances, but because she *had forgotten the Law*, the Law which stands now as it stood then, and to which all peoples must conform or break. The ideal of the future historian will be to understand that Law, and to try by it all national facts and tendencies, whether they accord with it and are therefore preservative, or whether they are in disaccord with it, and, therefore, destructive. Under that Law there is no chosen people, no nation of predetermined destiny. Utterly true are its judgments, inexorable its awards, unswerving the hand of fate which metes out life and death.—*"Student," in New Century*.

SELFISHNESS NOT SELF-SUFFICIENT.

A man who lives entirely to himself becomes at last obnoxious to himself. I believe it is the law of God that self-centredness ends in self-nauseousness. There is no weariness like the weariness of a man who is wearied of himself, and that is the awful Nemesis which follows the selfish life.—*J. H. Jowett*.

THE NEW RELIGION.

A writer in *The Spectator* says: "A new religion cannot be born and assert its right to universal dominion without events happening; and humanitarianism is nothing less in myriads of minds than the New Religion."

HEBREWS INVADING PALESTINE.

The nomadic Hebrews in the desert east of the Jordan were driven by constant struggles further and further to the north, and, having at last discovered their self-protection to be impossible there, resolved to cross the Jordan and try their fortunes in the towns.

This statement by a careful writer seems to eliminate the Book of Joshua from the catalogue of history.

STARRY NATURE OF MAN.

The stellar constitution of man is very comprehensive in its nature, for in the stars is signified the very essence of his inner being, giving power and action to the character of his personality.

Popular prejudice makes it a difficult matter to present an acceptable work which inculcates in its text mythologic and astrologic doctrine. But this should be no barrier to him who is in a diligent search of the knowledge of the truth. Let the student of nature, who shall seek the knowledge of the truth for the sake of truth, pursue his studies regardless of popular opinion and conventional acceptance, if he, in his conviction, may know the truth to exist in a direction adverse from these. It is better to be persecuted and called a "crank" by the rabble, for the sake of the truth, than to be crowned and lauded by knaves and fools for the sake of their esteem.

—D. E. Wagenhals.

INSANITY AND CANCER GAINING GROUND.

Dr. Robert Jones has been speaking to the British Medical Association upon the subject of insanity, and his statements have aroused attention both in Great Britain and America. He declares that there are more varieties of insanity than there were a century ago, that they are more severe, more chronic, more difficult to cure. He admits the enormous advance of preventive medicine, the increasing purity of food, air and water, and the better care of infants. These things are facts. It is also a fact that the physique of the people steadily and obstinately deteriorates, and that insanity is rampant.

He deals not only with insanity, but also with cancer. During the five years from 1861 to 1865 the annual death-rate from cancer was 367.8 per 1,000,000 persons. In the five years from 1886 to 1890 it had increased to 599.7—about 61 per cent.

THE RESURRECTION MEANT REINCARNATION.

It was only the gross ignorance of later days which perverted the simple explanation that after death man would again appear upon the earth in bodily form. Reason leads us to suppose that the corruptible body cannot rise again; therefore that which rises must be the incorruptible soul. Since this soul is to rise in a body it must rise in a fresh body; that is, in the body of an infant. Jerome and Lactantius both bear witness that a belief in metempsychosis existed in the early Church. Origen not only expressed his belief in it, but was careful to state that his belief was not drawn from Plato, but that he was instructed by Clemens of Alexandria, who had studied under Pantænus, a disciple of apostolic men. Indeed, it seems by no means improbable that this doctrine of reincarnation formed one of the "mysteries" of the early Church, taught only to those who were found worthy to hear.—*C. W. Leadbeater.*

THE TREND OF NEW THEOLOGY.

We find in the teaching of Jesus neither an ecclesiastical system nor a scheme of theology. The theology developed during the first three centuries is chiefly an application of the method and spirit of Greek philosophy to the Christian religion. It clothed itself more or less in the Roman judicial terminology, but essentially it was a Greek addition. The ecclesiastical establishment, however, was entirely Roman. The Protestant Reformation, attacking that which was most tangible, struck only at the church. Partially successful in freeing itself from the domination of the Roman hierarchy, the Reformation left theology essentially untouched. Protestant theology, equally with Roman Catholic, remained as Augustin and Tertullian originally shaped it, on a Greek philosophical method. The work that is now being done, and that is to complete the unfinished task of the Reformation, is to accomplish the same task for theology that the Reformation accomplished in ecclesiastics.

—*L. D. Osborne.*

LIFE.

Life is the infinite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive in correspondence with eternal coexistence and changes.—*H. S.*

WHAT LANGUAGE DID JESUS USE?

No criticism has found out in what language the Lord Jesus uttered his discourses. If in Greek, did the Galileans understand Greek? If in Hebrew, the words are forever lost; and are we to suppose that what he spoke in Aramæan was brought afterward to the remembrance of the compilers of the Gospels in Greek?—*Westminster Review*, January, 1865.

HOW FASHIONS CHANGE WITH THE DOCTORS.

Some fanciful quirk on the part of physician or pharmacist, some new theory of disease or prevention of disease will rise up, and with it a multitude of new remedies appear. Like children that tire of old toys and turn with feverish discontent to the new toy which they will soon cast aside for a different one, the doctors rush from remedy to remedy, from compound to compound, until it becomes a fact that the doctor who quits reading the medical journals for five years is left hopelessly behind. He can never catch up with the mad race again. Every time he opens a medical journal he sees nothing but new remedies, the name of which he cannot even pronounce.—C. S. Carr, in *Medical Talk*.

Cherish the spirit of our people and keep alive their attention. If once they become inattentive to public affairs, you and I and Congress and [Legislative] Assemblies, judges and governors become ravening wolves. —Thomas Jefferson.

A man's ruling love is his life.—Swedenborg.

The politics of the future are the politics of the poor.
— Lord Rosebery.

Charles X. never had a wrinkle in his countenance. Thought makes wrinkles, and Charles X. never thought.—Lamartine.

The intelligence of the country is not on the side of king and police power.

What would be hell to one will be quietness and hope and progress to another, because he has left worse behind him, and in this the life asserts itself and is.—Geo. Macdonald.

Charles Kingsley resigned the Professorship of Modern History at the University of Oxford, giving as the reason that he believed history to be largely a lie.

Dr. Low was of opinion that Jesus ben Pandira was the founder of the Essenes.

Every man's work is superficial till he has learned to content himself with the approbation of a few.—Rénan.

Knowledge does not come to us by details, but in flashes of light from Heaven.
—Thoreau.

The more we investigate the domain of Will the more hopeless becomes the task of defining its precise meaning; for Will is the Individual. It is the fire of Life.—Arthur Lovell.

VIVISECTION OF CHILDREN IN SWEDEN.

Fourteen children in the Foundling Hospital, Stockholm, were vivisectionally opened, because calves were hard to procure and keep.—*Dr. Carl Jansen.*

EUDAIMONIA.—The true success is gained when a man is master of himself, though all men be against him. It is attained when a man can see others growing rich without envy and without bitterness.—*Bishop Burgess.*

DWARFING ORIGINAL ABILITY.—I doubt if our colleges can produce men like Charles James Fox or James Russell Lowell. We now have scientific specialists, not broad-minded scholars.—*Bishop Burgess.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE FORCE OF MIND; or, The Mental Factor in Medicine.
By Alfred T. Schofield, M.D., F.R.C.S. New York: Funk & Wagnalls, 44-60 East 23d Street.

The appearing of this book in a new edition and its republication by an enterprising house in this country are significant of a changing popular sentiment impinging on the professional attitude. It may mean that the current ribaldry and legislative proscriptions which have been assiduously employed to suppress metaphysical medicine and other analogous procedures are likely to be superseded by professional recognition. The author, an English physician, though not yet entirely clear of the current barbarisms, is evidently of that opinion. "At last the lesson is learned," says he, "and we behold an amazing sight—a painful one, perhaps, but in it lies victory."

An array of authors is given, extending over several pages, as being "helpful in studying the mental factor in medicine." Not only the representative men in psychological science and orthodox medicine named, but also the expositors of the new practice. This would be unequivocal illustration of breadth of liberality if the usual slang term, "quack," were not also used. Nevertheless, the book is a valuable one, which every person desiring a sound knowledge of metaphysical medicine ought to procure and read.

The work is based upon the statement of Prof. Ladd, of Yale University: "The assumption that the mind is a real being which can be acted upon by the brain, and which can act on the body through the brain, is the only one compatible with the facts of experience." Nor is this mind limited to consciousness. "Mind, in fact, may be conscious, subconscious or unconscious." Its action on the body is described as being at least threefold—

physiological, pathological and therapeutical. All these phases of activity are duly handled.

The second part of the work is devoted to Psycho-Therapy, and takes advanced ground. The rapid increase of belief in healing by mental procedures is remarked, and the dogmas and actual cures of Mrs. Mary B. Eddy receive a full share of attention. "It is somewhat curious that, while the power of mind over the body is so little thought of, far too much is made of the power of the body over the mind." Four ways of cure by the activity of the "unconscious mind" are named: The *vis medicatrix naturæ*, suggestion, faith in persons, systems or places, and direct-effort cures are also classified: 1. The prayer and faith cure. 2. Relic cures. 3. Evangelical faith cures. 4. Mind cures. 5. Christian Science cures. 6. Spiritualistic cures. 7. Mesmeric cures. 8. Direct faith-healing. Christian Science, however, "occupies a platform altogether distinct from every species of mind or faith healing, hypnotism or suggestive cure." But "the force of mind is a therapeutic agent in every disease." There was more readiness to accept this a century ago, when John Hunter and such deep-seeing men were in the field. Since that time medical practice has degenerated into mechanic procedures and an almost absolute ignoring of higher principles in human nature. Now the reaction is toward a higher therapy, and the dominion of drug-dosage is weakening with the intelligent.

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Published by G. A. Natesan & Co., Esplanade, Madras, India.

THE NEW THOUGHT SIMPLIFIED. By Henry Wood.
Cloth, 195 pp., 80 cents net. Published by Lee & Shepard,
Boston.

FREEDOM. By Dr. Manuel Rivero. Paper. 25 cents. The Cos-
mological Publishers, 103 West 42d Street, New York.

AN EASTER EXPOSITION OF ST. JOHN. By Sri Parananda.
Cloth, 301 pp. Published by William Hutchinson & Co.,
London, England.

MYSTERIES OF THE SEANCE. By A Life-Long Spiritualist.
Paper, 64 pp. Price, 25 cents. Published by Lunt Bros.,
Station A, Boston, Mass.

A NEW RELIGION. By C. P. W. Longdill. Paper, 71 pp. Price,
1s. 6d. The Anglo-American Publishing Co., Gladstone Road, Gis-
borne, New Zealand.

- BROKEN DOSES OF MENTAL MEDICINE. By Allen W. Connett. Paper, 28 pp. 25 cents.
- THE MASTER KEY TO PSYCHIC DEVELOPMENT. By Allen W. Connett. Cloth, 105 pp. \$1.00. Published by the author, Kansas City, Mo.
- THE LAND-MARKS OF ETHICS ACCORDING TO THE GITA. By Bulloram Mullock, B.A. Published by Noni Gopal Goswami, at the Sen Press, 14 Dharrumtolla Street, Calcutta, India.
- THE LIGHT OF CHINA, the Tào Teh King of Láo Tsze, 604-504 B. C. By I. W. Heysinger, M.A., M.D., Cloth, 165 pp. Research Publishing Co., 133 North 13th Street, Philadelphia.
- PERSONAL MAGNETISM. By P. Braun. Paper, 44 pp., 25 cents. New Man Publishing Co., 1409 North 20th Street, Omaha, Neb.
- THE WORLD IS IDEA. By Herman Gasser, M.D. Paper, 30 pp. Published by G. P. Engelhard & Co., 358 Dearborn Street, Chicago.
- ASPECTS OF THE VEDANTA. To the Memory of Max Muller. Paper, 168 pp., 1 shilling 6 pence. Published by G. A. Natesan & Co., Esplanade, Madras, India.
- AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL PROBLEMS IN INDIA. By Alfred Chatterton. Cloth, 174 pp., 4 shillings. Published by G. A. Natesan & Co., Esplanade, Madras, India.

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A TWO-FOLD TESTIMONY TO IMMORTALITY.

BY REV. BENJAMIN FAY MILLS.

We have all heard the old question of Job, "If a man die, shall he live again?" but I think, in its exact form, it is not of any great interest to us. The question for to-day, so far as it concerns immortality, is not, "If a man die, shall he live again?" but rather, Does a man ever die?

This question has not been answered by science, helpful as has been its voice in answer to the queries that we have asked concerning the material universe. It is a question that has not been answered by philosophy; and I think our philosophers who are reasonable men practically agree that the more they think the less they seem to be able to come to any direct philosophic conclusion in answer to the question, Does a man die? Revelation was supposed to have answered it; and in the days when man derived his information concerning spiritual things from authority, it was for a large number of people a sufficient answer. But we begin to see that revelation cannot answer this question for all of the people. If God has spoken through this man or that, and has said definitely that man shall live beyond the grave, how are we to know it, and how shall we be able to bring ourselves to agree that the answer has been given, and what the answer is? For while some of us might accept the testimony of the Bible, or the words of Jesus, for instance, as sufficient authority, there are myriads of people who have never heard of the Bible and never heard of Jesus, and how shall they find out whether man is immortal, or whether the spirit dies with the body? The question is not answered by history nor by human experience.

There are those who say, however, that the resurrection of Jesus from the dead answers this question. We do not know whether Jesus rose from the dead or not! We have no way to find out.

But if He did rise from the dead, that would not settle anything concerning your immortality or mine. For if on the one hand, Jesus was God and rose from the dead, that would simply prove that God could rise from the dead, and not what man could do; and if, on the other hand, he was a man entirely like unto us, and was able to break the bars of the grave and come forth untouched by the influence of death, then I think it would be almost disheartening so far as proving universal immortality is concerned, for in all the eighteen hundred years since, there has not been another verifiable instance from all the multitudes and millions and billions of men that have lived upon the earth who has done this thing—and at the most, if He were man, it would simply prove that one man, and he a most exceptional one, had been immortal.

There are those who say that the testimony of modern Spiritualism answers this question. I do not care to go into that just at present, but in passing I will say this—if all that is claimed in the way of testimony from Spiritualism is true, if there have been thousands of those who have gone from the flesh who have found means of communicating with men still in the body, that would only prove that some men are immortal, and still we would be confronted with the same question.

We shall have to limit this question a little, and so I shall not make any queries concerning man's eternal condition—what he shall be at the last. We do not know what he shall be "at the last"; I am scarcely able to think as to what he will be in the next stage of his existence. I want to limit this question to this phase: Does a man live after this life? Never mind the sextillions of years and ages that may roll on. We do not know into what condition we shall come in the infinite spaces of time, and I am more curious about the next stage than I am about the ultimate—which, by the way, is a word that no man can perfectly define.

Here is our question, Will all men, will all men—I make it as broad as that—survive "the chemical change called death?"

There are four answers to this question. One man says, "No! death ends all. Write over your cemeteries as they did in Paris at the time of the Revolution, 'Death is an eternal sleep.'" Another says, "No! man as an individual shall not survive, but his personality shall be absorbed into the great All, the great Infinite Impersonal Spirit."

There are two others who answer. One of them says, "Some men shall survive death," (it is the doctrine known as Conditional Immortality), "while some men shall be annihilated." And there is a fourth class of men who say, "All men shall live!"

I am one of those who, on such grounds as I shall suggest, hold the last of these opinions. I believe that man as man is immortal. I believe that all men are to live beyond the grave.

One says, "If that is true, why do you say 'all men?' why do you not say all things? For we are beginning to believe now that the very stones and clods have a certain form of life!" I can answer that easily: I have not the slightest objection to the stones and the clods, and the trees, and especially the flowers being immortal; I have no objection to the beautiful lily—the same one—blooming again in a Paradise to which we are going after we have lost these fleshly garments. It is good enough to bloom in any Paradise! And yet I can understand that as out of the first protoplasm there came the stone and the clod, and then the vegetable, and then the animal, and out of that the man, I can see some reasons why man might live beyond this life while all other forms of life perished. First, man has a consciousness that we do not think belongs to the lily or to the most intelligent or faithful dog or horse. And what is that consciousness? It is a self-consciousness—I should call it a soul-consciousness. And there is another thing connected with man that I do not think is connected with my dog, and that is, aspiration. If I had to define man I would define him as an aspiring animal. He is akin to that which is beyond him, and he knows it. And while I think there is some significance in the existence and relationship of every atom that we know in the material world, I think there is more significance in man—man who has brain to think, man who has aspiration to reach out to the beyond! And I believe that while it may be possible that what we call "the lower orders of creation" are immortal, man certainly is immortal. I am democratic enough to take my stand with the immortal Lincoln, who, when he was having his last conversation upon this favorite topic said, "All or none! all or none!"

"But," some one says, "how about the lower orders of men?" Are we to have a heaven into which shall be gathered the idiots and the imbeciles? What is the difference between an idiot or an imbecile and a sane man? We startle an idiot by smashing in his



brain, or carving out a little piece of his cranium, and he becomes a wise man; and sometimes we so operate upon a wise man that he becomes an idiot. And the line seems to be a very narrow one between us after all. If the idiots and imbeciles are not to survive after this life, why, in the name of all that is reasonable and merciful, do not we kill them now? If they are to live here only as imbeciles, and then to perish forever, the sane thing and the simplest thing is to kill them now! That is what men used to do before they came to be really men. But how do we treat them? Oh! how we study the idiot and the imbecile. How the judgment of civilized men is convinced that the idiot and the imbecile are men and have possibilities! What do we found our asylums for? Reasonable people do not talk about "insane asylums" and "idiot asylums" any longer. They call them "Hospitals!" They believe that these people have not found an asylum where they may linger until they leave the flesh, but that they have found a place where men can try to save them now. And we are saving them! A prominent superintendent of an Insane Hospital told me that in a few months they had made two hundred lunatic women sane by an operation that was not known ten years ago. Why do we try to do this? Why do we keep on with that passion of divine discovery as though the time might come—as I believe it will—when men can make an idiot sane, and make an imbecile worthy to stand with the noble of the earth? It is because we are men, and because we believe in men. And where do we get that impulse, and where do we get the skill—the passion that is in us to work for the idiot and the imbecile and the deaf-mute, such passion as made Dr. Howe in South Boston work with such infinite toil to develop the soul of Laura Bridgman! No one knew whether it was there or not. She could not see, she could not speak, she could not hear. Did she have a soul or not? This man said, "There is an angel in that woman, and I must let it out." And after her has come Helen Keller, and after her we know not how many others shall be brought into contact with the world and reveal souls that put the rest of us to shame by the power of their primal communion with the eternal spirit of God!

I believe that God is as good as I am, and I do not want to kill any idiots! I believe He is wiser than I am; I believe He is vastly wiser and more loving than any man. He is as wise and as loving not only as the collective body of men of all ages, but far beyond

that. And I believe that everything I would aspire to do is to be done by the Infinite Love.

Nearly all the founders of religions have taught immortality. Almost all the scriptures of all the nations teach immortality. Almost all the great philosophers and scientists believe in the individual immortality of the soul. It is not something that belongs to one people, and is shut away from other people; it is one of the universal beliefs in the world.

I have been reading—among other writings upon the subject—the opinions of the most eminent scientists on the earth as to whether physical science bears testimony in favor of or against immortality. Some of them say that science has nothing to say about it; some say that science teaches immortality, and there are a few who believe that the revelations of science deny the possibility of immortality—but those who believe that are very few indeed. The word of one of the great scientists—John Fiske—is this: “The materialistic assumption that the life of the soul ends with the life of the body is perhaps the most colossal instance of baseless assumption that is known to the history of philosophy.” I believe in future life because I am alive now. As Immanuel Kant said: “The highest good practically is only possible on the supposition of the immortality of the soul.” Think that out, and you will say, Amen. Lotze, the great philosopher, says: “That will last forever which on account of its excellence and its spirit must be an abiding part of the universe; what lacks that preserving worth will perish.” He adds that we cannot judge what this preserving worth is. But we can judge to a certain extent. What is the best treasure of man? What is the best thing we know? Personality. Personal life as we know it is infinitely beyond impersonal life. As Dr. Martineau said: “Personality is not the largest, but it is the highest fact in the known cosmos; and if death has power over personality, there is nothing which death spares, and it can undo the utmost which the divine will has wrought.”

I would not be satisfied with extinction. I would not say as Forster is reported to have said to Miss Martineau, that he “would rather be damned than annihilated,” for I have had no experience of either; but I do know that I value personality as I value nothing else. Personality is the highest power that is known to man.

We remember how Tennyson mourns in his matchless poem for

his lost friend. We remember the questions that he asks: some of which he tries to answer; some of which he does answer; some of which "he shows how they cannot be answered." And, speaking of this matter of the persistence of personality, he says:

"That each who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall,
Remerging in the general soul,
Is faith as vague as all unsweet;
Eternal form shall still divide
The Eternal soul from all beside,
And I shall know him when we meet."

Benjamin Franklin's epitaph was written by himself, and is inscribed upon his tombstone. Here it is: "The body of Benjamin Franklin (printer) like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out and stripped of its lettering and gilding, lies here food for worms; yet the work itself shall not be lost, for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the author."

If there be any reason for existing at all there is reason for going on! If there was any reason why the fire-mist should be formed, if there was any reason why the atoms, the particles, the meteors of the air should strike one another until they were formed into worlds, if there was any reason why the ice age should pass away and the age of vegetation should come, if there was any reason for the growth from protoplasm to man, if there is any science, if there is any philosophy, then there is a reason why man should go on! If there is any reason for the brain, if there is any reason for the heart, if there is any reason for emotion, if there is any reason for love, then there is a reason for man's going out! If there is any reason for conscience, if there is any thought of right and wrong, if there is anything worthy of scorn and anything worthy of emulation, if there is anything holy, noble and pure upon which men should think, then there is in man that which is worthy to persist, and that which shall persist!

"Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid by a voice floating by to be lost on an endless sea;
Glory of virtue! to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong;
Nay! but she asked not for glory, no lover of glory she—
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be."

Here is the query, Do we learn real laws here? We sing, with words of our other poet:

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end and way;
But to live that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day."

Do we learn that principle only to lose it at death? May a man have each to-morrow find him farther than to-day until he comes and looks into the tomb, and then go into nothingness? All science, all philosophy, all human life, are unintelligible if we believe that there are moral laws anywhere that are different from moral laws here, or if we do not believe that law is an eternal thing.

The mind and the conscience also revolt at the thought that this world is the only theater for the administration of justice, for we very often do not get justice here. We see Shakespeare scorned and starved out of life—the most consummate flower of his age! We see Cicero, the lover of his nation with his head lopped off by a Roman soldier at the command of the rulers of his nation! We see Columbus bound and in chains taking his way along the shores of the land he had discovered, with a heavy heart breaking because of the ingratitude of his fellows! We see Socrates condemned to drink the cup of hemlock! "A Nero crowned and a St. Paul beheaded; a Borgia wearing the tiara and a Savonarola burned at the stake; an Augustus winning an empire and a Christ crucified."

Take another thought,—we do not begin to exhaust the possibilities of life—any of us. As Dr. Hillis says: "Men go toward death stored with latent faculties and forces, just as our winter-bound earth goes toward May—Stored with myriad germs and seeds, waiting for summer to unlock and send them forth to bud and blossom and fruitage. There are unexplored riches in the human constitution. What is man? No one knows. Many of his faculties exist in him like unwrapped tools in a box—not even examined, much less named. Three or four of his forty faculties ask three-score years for development,—the other latent powers ask an immortal life for growth beyond the grave."

There is one word that is always spoken by those who claim to represent departed spirits returned to communicate with people still in the flesh,—so far as I have read the literature the testimony is

unanimous in this respect—that there is immortal progress for all, beyond the tomb.

I think there is considerable evidence for the claims of Spiritualists. I should be more than glad to welcome such communications myself. But suppose it were none of it true, suppose no spirit ever came back to communicate with man—not even the spirits of the great leaders, religious leaders, concerning whom there have been so many traditions about their resurrection; suppose the tales in the Bible of the communication of departed spirits with men—and all the other tales of all the centuries—were none of them true, that would be no argument against immortality. In fact, the analogy almost seems to be the other way, for man does not go back of this life in his consciousness. I would like to communicate with what I was before I was a man, but while I can think some thoughts along that line I have not been able to accomplish it. A man is not even able to get his brain into an infant's skull!

O men and women! can we be so silly as to believe that the material can be more enduring than what we call the spiritual part of man? Can Orion swing in his courses in the firmament for seventy thousand myriads of ages, and man, who is conscious that there is in him enough to make seventy million Orions, die after seventy years of existence on this earth! Must Charles Darwin die at sixty years of age, and his great world-transforming book be immortal and eternal! No! genius does not "burst and vanish as a firework in the night;" and I agree with Mrs. Phelps Ward when she says: "Death is either a glorious change or it is an awful outrage."

Now for the other reason why I believe in immortality. I have already suggested it; it is what I call the Soul-Consciousness. I may be asked if I ever saw a soul, and I shall have to say, No, I never did; but I have seen something more than bodies—I can say that. I believe that "the eyesight has another eyesight." I believe that back of the hands and the faces that we are conscious of there are other hands and faces, "calm and actual faces." I believe that this theory explains the most facts and leaves the least unexplained. Science does not see all matter. Science analyzes the lily, until it says the lily is composed of molecules and atoms, but science cannot fill up the spaces between the atoms. What does it say is there? "Ether." I have just as much right to call it spirit

as science has to call it ether. Ether is really a great question point. When the scientist gets to the point where we want to ask questions, he stops and looks wise, and says, "Ether." The scientist does not know about the inter-stellar spaces, but he tells us he believes they are all filled—because nature abhors a vacuum, and he cannot think of a vacuum. I am not sneering at science; I love the scientist and honor him, and I have an ambition to know real things along that line. But there are some things science cannot do, and some things it cannot explain.

"Life is not a form of body but body is a form of life;" the important thing is not the physical. Ralph Waldo Emerson and Theodore Parker were walking in the country one day, and some crank came up to them and said, "Do you men know that the world will speedily come to an end!" Mr. Emerson said, "I think I can get along without it." Of course he could get along without it. One of our pastors has written words that express this:

"The ship may sink
And I may drink
A hasty death in the bitter sea;
But all that I leave
In the ocean grave
Can be slipped and spared and no loss to me.

What care I
Though falls the sky
And the shriveling earth to a cinder turn?
No fires of doom
Can ever consume
What never was made nor meant to burn.

Let go the breath!
There is no death
To the living soul, nor loss nor harm.
Not of the clod
Is the life of God:
Let it mount, as it will, from form to form."

There is the old word that "whatever is worth proving cannot be proved." And all this attempt at proving immortality, to me is like measuring perfume with a yardstick or estimating music by the pound. And if I am asked with scorn, "Do you think the spirit survives?" I will turn Christian Scientist long enough to answer with equal scorn, Do you think matter exists? This is not a body that has

a soul; I am a soul that has a body for a little while. And I know that the soul ignores the loss of the worn-out garments of the flesh, for it knows that it is not to be "unclothed but clothed upon," and that "mortality shall be swallowed up of life." I have not the same body I used to have, I have nothing of the same body I had seven years ago, but I have the same soul—only more of it. When the time came for Socrates to drink the hemlock, they said to him, "Socrates, where shall we bury you?" He said, "I do not think you will bury me; if you can catch me you may bury me anywhere you please." Do you think they put Socrates down there with the worms? He did not live with worms before he drank the hemlock, and I do not believe he went to live with them afterwards.

How much space can a man inhabit? "How little ways a man's hands can reach, and yet his vision takes in the stars!" How much space do I inhabit? Here I am, standing in a spot a foot one way, six inches the other. Is that all? No! I can reach up; that belongs to me, too. I can move; I can go round and round this globe if I will. How much space can I inhabit? There is the roof,—I can see beyond it. And I can stand on any square foot of God's earth and look up into the infinite spaces and live there. How much space can I inhabit? Am I simply a little two-legged animal standing down here? I can not only see beyond the stars, I can think thoughts that make the stars shrink into insignificance. This is the "real-real."

Here is a little touch of Whitman:

"Swiftly I shrivel at the thought of God,
At Nature and its wonders, Time and Space and Death,
But that I, turning, call to thee, O soul, thou actual me,
And lo, thou gently masterest the orbs,
Thou masterest time, smilest content at death,
And fillest, swellest full, the vastnesses of space."

And I can say with that same great writer: "I do not think life provides for all and for Time and Space, but I believe Heavenly Death provides for all."

Oh, the glory of the Springtime! I sat one morning in my room in meditation. It was a gloomy morning; it was cold and raw and bitter, and I did not like it. I had enjoyed all the winter I wanted for one year. I had the curtains drawn down; I was not looking out, I was meditating. Soon I began to feel something strike my

eye; it was the sunlight on the window, and it called me. I went over there and I put up the window shade, and then I put up the window. There had been a change, a marvelous change. When I sat down there was snow on the ground; now there was not a snowflake to be seen. A marvelous transformation had come, and although it did not stay as long as I wished it might at the time, the marvelous spring was here, and my heart responded to it. And I believe we shall have as great an experience as that and greater.

What beautiful music the orchestra makes for us! Man in his present state compared to what he shall be is like the old primeval rude instruments trying to make music compared to our orchestra.

"I know that I am deathless." We know how astronomers found the planet Neptune: not by sweeping the sky with the telescope, but by noticing the irregular movements of Uranus. They said that Uranus must have a body drawing upon it; they calculated the size and the distance of that body, and then turned their telescopes where they thought that body ought to be, and two astronomers at once discovered the planet Neptune. And I have found "The World to Come" in such a way as that. I know where it ought to be; I know what responds to my best thought; I know what responds to my best conscience; I know what responds to my best hope, and I propose to believe it.

Not Science, not Philosophy, not Revelation has been our teacher in the best and truest facts of life, but the Soul. Concerning the supreme motive in life, Science formerly taught, for example, that it was the self-principle that worked along the seemingly cruel lines of natural selection and survival of the fittest, and even now it is giving only half the field to altruistic instinct. Philosophy is a sublime endeavor to find the best, but often succeeds only in so entangling thought on the two horns of a dilemma that we are obliged to confess ourselves unable to unravel it. Revelation, so-called, has spoken to us of the personality of God and the dual nature of man, and has set before us reward and punishment as incitement and deterrent. And all the while, deep within the soul, a voice as unmistakable, although as gentle as the summer breeze and murmuring of spring birds, has spoken to us of love as the one all-constructive, all efficient motive-power in life.

And now, if we must, let us still ask, What saith Science, What saith Philosophy, What saith Revelation of the immortality of man?

Honoring each according to its service, we must turn from these eager, though blind leaders of the blind, to find the answer only in our souls.

Soul! soul! what canst thou say of immortality? I hear the answer, "I am I, superior to this housing of flesh which now reveals but only half interprets me. I am bound as yet; great vistas open before me, but my powers of vision are not yet strong enough to see more than short distances along their shining lengths. Wondrous harmonies faintly salute my ears, echoing and re-echoing through vast regions which I am unable to traverse yet; light, beauty, fragrance, power, sublimist, truest thoughts press upon me from every side, yet I walk as one 'veiled and sleeping,' not yet large enough, fine enough, free enough, to grasp the marvelous significance of it all. Yet truly I know that this is no phantasmagoria of a fanciful mind, no cunningly devised illusion, but that it is true; that these are perceptions of the real world in which I live, and that the things I see and touch are but partial manifestations of that which veritably exists. Nay, more! I see that ethical, loving purpose is the essence and substance out of which the universe is built. That I am only an individual atom in it does not argue my unimportance. I am one of the Divine ideas, an invaluable link in an unbroken chain of sequences. And this knowledge is at once my inspiration, my vigor, my wisdom and my energy. I work tirelessly, up-bearing and up-borne, intelligently shaping and being shaped by the eternal progress and purpose."

Shall I cease to exist before this larger, truer life is mine? Never a soul throughout the length and breadth of earth that hath found its voice but answers "No!" And all the echoes of the Universal Soul thunder and reverberate along the hills and valleys of matter and of mind "No! No! No!" I shall persist, I shall pass from life to fuller life, from partial knowledge to satisfying truth, from loyalty to devotion, from service to partnership, from love to greater love, from mountain height to mountain height, from glory unto glory.

BENJAMIN FAY MILLS.

WHY THEY CROWNED JESUS WITH THORNS.

Many eloquent and touching discourses have been delivered upon the indignities inflicted upon Jesus just before the crucifixion. These have been described as being incident to the capital sentence. But several French and German savants have given a new explanation which appears far more plausible.

The examination before the Jewish high priest and Sanhedrim was essential *coram non judice*, and the decision was of no legal significance whatever. As the Synoptic Gospels show, there was no attempt to bring the verdict to the attention of Pilate. The imputation of blasphemy, so heinous before Jewish tribunals, would have been treated Gallio-fashion. Hence a new charge was fabricated, that of sedition and treason. Yet it nowhere appears that any account was made of the entry into Jerusalem, escorted by a multitude enthusiastically greeting Him as the "Son of David." No uprising was recorded, and Pilate took note of any disorder. The Pharisees were opposed to violence; were not eager to procure any punishment; whatever was done was left to the high priest and his party of Sadducees, always arrogant and cruel. (Acts v., 17, 28.) When Pilate, perceiving the motive which instigated them, was about to dismiss the case, they caused him to be overborne by clamor till he gave way, and uttered the sentence of death.

The scenes that are described as following were not common in the case of condemned prisoners. But the Roman soldiers held the Jews in contempt, and were ready to seize every opportunity to indulge their scorn. As Jesus was accused of setting himself up as a king, the garrison at Jerusalem saw an opportunity. By a mock coronation they could burlesque the whole Jewish people. So a saturnalian orgy was held. The prisoner was invested with the purple robe, crowned with a diadem of thorns, and a reed placed in his hand for a scepter. Then they prostrated themselves before him in oriental style, saluting Him as "King of the Jews." Such exhibitions and mimicry were not uncommon at Alexandria and other places where there were colonies of Jews. It was not Jesus merely whom the soldiers were worrying; they were gratifying the anti-Semitic feeling. Hence no officer interfered to stop the disorderly proceeding; all were willing that the Jews and their pretensions should be treated with ribaldry. The fact that Jesus was a man whom the Jewish leaders feared and hated served to give additional zest to the entertainment, and such a chance was sure not to be neglected.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D., F. A. S.

ELECTRICAL LAW AND MENTALITY.

HOW ELECTRICAL LAWS OPERATE, IN MAN'S RELATION TO THE
UNIVERSAL COSMOS.

HAVE WE A BASIS IN ELECTRICAL CONTROLLING LAWS, TO LAWS
OPERATIVE WITHIN THE REALM OF MIND?

BY RODERICK CAMPBELL.

At the outset it should be stated that the ultimate object of all the sciences is the consummation of a more enlarged, and grander science of life. This is the ultimate analysis.

As we earnestly investigate the vast realms of research which the discovery of Etheric Media has opened up to us, in its application to wireless telegraphy, and its allied phenomena—telepathy, or thought-transference—our mental vision seems to acquire greater penetrative power in presenting to us identities in Nature as proof of the basic and unseen dynamic power underlying the universe.

Even material science has now outstripped her old conservatism, and set her seal upon the fact of a *dynamic* power, or energy, as being the basic principle of the universal cosmos. A premise has been substantiated.

Given therefore a universal dynamic power, or force, logically our further province is to endeavor to discover and formulate laws to make the power manifest and serviceable to us.

In all modes of force, or energy, their potency is made manifest and serviceable through controlling laws. The power is virtually in the law, so to express it.

In our present stage of advancement, electricity is our best understood and most serviceable working power. Let us therefore trace in how far we have an identity in electrical laws, to laws applicable within the realm of mind, in its relation to supreme universal and cosmic power.

In the operation of electrical power as applicable to telegraphy, for example, there are four primary essentials necessary to obtain intelligible electrical signals or results:—*A Chemical Battery*, to generate an electro-motive force. *An Instrument*, to record signals. *A Regulator*, to synchronize or tune the recording instrument to the electrical current. And lastly, *A Telegraph Operator*, to give intelligence to the force or power.

Given these four factors or essentials, manifest results are ob-

tained, virtually through the agency of an unseen force. We have learned to govern this power—or to be more scientific in phraseology, mode of power—although its real essence is unknown and unseen to us, and through its results made manifest to us, by controlling laws, we have come to the mental attitude to believe or trust in its reality.

When we learn to bring the same conditions of control to bear upon supreme universal power, and when the governing laws are understood and applied, its manifest results will bring us to the mental attitude to also believe or trust in its reality.

All phenomena on the unseen side of Nature, to begin with, must needs be taken on trust before it becomes a reality to us. This is the primary law of forces, or modes of force unseen.

Now, let us turn our attention to the investigation of the analogy presented to us in the four primary essentials just mentioned in electrical manifesting power, in so far as they give us a workable clue in man's relation to universal cosmic power.

Man always has had the instinctive impulse that the Supreme Designer's idea is that he (man) in reality is created to come within the cosmic or harmonious arrangement of universal dynamic power, as opposed to his present *chaotic* or inharmonious working conditions.

(1) The electro-motive, or E-motive power is *universal*, all-pervading, all-powerful. It is the source of all that is known as life.

(2) The mind of man is the recording instrument. Mind is only a *permissive* instrument. It does not *produce* in itself, any more than the telegraph instrument does. It simply emits the effect of a power or force, back of it.

(3) The synchronizing or tuning regulation is within man, and we term it for convenience sake the will.

The will is the connecting switch, so to speak, between man and his Creator, and it has the capacity of either alternating the supreme universal current, to positive or negative effects, in harmony with man's operative desires.

(4) The telegraph operator is man *himself*, in his totality of operative faculties, and he has the capacity of intelligencizing the universal power through his mental instrument, in individualistic degree, by his inherent powers of reason and understanding.

Thus, so far, we have been able to trace a complete reasoning identity between the essential operative factors in electrical power and universal cosmic and dynamic power.

The words electricity, etheric media, and the biblical terms, spirit, or spiritual power, as expressive terms, will ultimately lead us onwards in evolutionary stages to a better knowledge and understanding, and a complete recognition of a one supreme universal and dynamic power, of which all other *modes* of power are merely differentiating expressions.

The scientific fact of the transmutation of one mode of power into another is our first step in the evolutionary ladder of recognition.

Now, again, let us turn our attention to laws operative and their relation and identity to both phases of science—electrical and universal.

The primary law of electrical power—indeed we may say of all sources of energy, is:—

“All power flows or gravitates from a higher to a lower potential.”

We cannot have energy unless these conditions are met.

The second important law is:—

“A current of force is equal to the electro-motive power and inversely as the resistance met within its path.”

That is, there is a variation of current, proportionate to the strength of the opposing resistance. These two stated laws may be taken as the fundamental and governing laws of electrical science.

Let us again turn to universal science. The word “potential” may be looked upon as tantamount to meaning, an existing possibility, or a thing within the possibility of reaching.

Universal power is therefore the *higher*, and the man the lower potential.

Man is the existing possibility; the thing within the possibility of reaching.

The mind of man is the channel, so to speak, through which universal power flows, but, universal power on the other hand only flows or gravitates toward the mind when the mind is in a *condition* of lower or receptive potential, to permit of the flowing to.

Universal power is the primary power, but on the other hand the condition of receptiveness also becomes a power or force, in

itself, although in a secondary sense. Man, therefore, is arbitrator or controller of universal power, proportionate to his degree of receptiveness.

Conditions may become *causes*, but only in a secondary sense.

We find an exemplification of this fact, in the operative law, of what is termed "electrical inductive currents."

A primary current of electricity, for example, passing through a conductor, has the capacity of inducing or making evident a corresponding current in another conductor, which becomes *in itself* a force, but only in a secondary degree.

Whenever the primary current stops, the second conductor has no further power *in itself*. It is dependent entirely upon the primary current for its source of power, so that the *condition* of receptivity in the second conductor becomes really a *cause* of power in itself in the secondary sense.

We find these sublime truths seeking expression in various ways.

In occult science we find an analogy of this law of reciprocity in the terse esoteric phrase, "as above, so below; as below, so above."

Sequencively, man's mental receptiveness to the inflow of universal power is the *condition*, which in a secondary degree, becomes a *cause* or power in itself.

It is a process of the inductive workings of dynamic force.

On closer analysis we also find in this electrical inductive law, a scientific key or explanation to what mental and occult scientists term "Sitting in the silence."

The conditions of mental receptivity brought about in the silent mental meditation, induces also, the condition of lower mental potential and universal dynamic power (the higher potential power), has a free inroad to operate on the stilled mind with its beneficent effects.

The "law of electrical resistance," we also find, has its direct analogy in universal science.

Resistance of any nature in electrical science has the capacity of neutralizing or rendering inert the power of a current of electricity; i. e., if the strength of the resistance preponderates the strength of the current.

If man, on the other hand, usurps his condition of lower potential to that of the universal power and adopts the mental attitude of being a power *in himself only*, and apart from the higher power,

the opposing mental attitude becomes a force of resistance, which, in effect, neutralizes the effectiveness of the higher and universal power.

Then the conditions of operative potential are reversed.

A river, so to express, cannot flow up a hill.

The personal resistance embodied in this "mental attitude" cuts man out of direct connection with the universal and dynamic power.

So that the study of the law of *electrical* resistance is the study also of the laws of *personal* resistance in its relation to universal and *impersonal* power.

Universal power is impersonal in itself, just the same as electrical power has no distinctive intelligence in itself, until the telegraph operator gives intelligence to it.

So it is with universal power; but on the other hand, man, the operator, has the capacity in himself to make it personal or individual to himself, by putting his personality or individuality into it, in strict obedience, however, to universal laws. Then, the best and *positive* manifesting results are obtained.

All these universal laws operate with an eternal tendency to push or uplift man to a higher and evolutionary plane of life. In a nutshell—to consummate the ultimate analysis, or Supreme Designer's Idea of universal cosmic order, or harmony amongst men on earth.

Universal dynamic power operates upon two planes, in keeping with all other modes of power or energy; i. e., *positive* or good, and *negative* or evil.

The "mental attitude," and its ally, "the will," are the expressive and operative faculties which have the power inherent in them to alternate the universal power either to the positive or negative planes; man being left *ipso facto* a free agent to operate as he chooses to work out his own destiny.

If, however, he operates on the lower or negative plane, the law has a reactionary working effect which brings inharmony and ultimate destruction to the operator. This law may be termed the "Law of Compensation."

In this analysis and comparison of electrical dynamic power, and universal dynamic power, we have very clear indications that what we term for convenience' sake and for want of a better name "electricity" and all other modes of force or energy, such as magnetism,

light, heat, ether, and that other subtile influence more marked among some men than others, and which we term personal force or magnetism are, virtually, DIFFERENTIATING MODES OF A ONE SUPREME UNIVERSAL POWER, dynamic in its essence, and which is the controlling and energizing force, underlying all that we know as Life.

RODERICK CAMPBELL.

WHY WE OPPOSE VIVISECTION.

BY J. M. GREEN.

("There is no condition of experimentation possible, with the influence of anesthesia, from which just conclusions can be formed! The thing is ridiculous. It is a *reductio ad absurdum*. Your patient must be either conscious or unconscious; if it is unconscious the experiment is admittedly worthless; if it is conscious its nervous system is so stimulated, and it is so upset by the torture, that no truth can be arrived at."—Extract from the last public utterance, April 26, 1899, of the late Prof. Lawson Tait, England's greatest abdominal surgeon.)

Why do a large aggregate number of the thinking people of civilized countries oppose to-day the practice—called vivisection—of experimenting in medical laboratories on the bodies of living animals? This question is being constantly propounded in various forms, from that of sincere inquiry to one evidently containing a species of reproof. We propose to answer this question as concisely as possible, wasting no time over technical details, but presenting the subject as it would appeal everywhere to the intelligent and conscientious mind.

At the outset we may say that the practice of vivisection is opposed because it violates both those principles of common intelligence supposed to be at the foundation of all "science," and the moral law as well, which has ever decreed that the greater principle should never be sacrificed for the less—that those qualities which alone make this world a habitable one for human beings must not be offered up, a sacrifice to temporal advantage. As to the scientific aspect, one phase is well and concisely expressed in the quotation from Professor Tait, at the head of this article. The abnormal condition caused either by severe pain or by anæsthesia, as all can testify who have experienced either one, is an unknown and ever-varying quantity, disarranging the bodily functions and throwing out of gear, as it were, the delicate parts of the living machine. Experimentation under such conditions is as if an expert astronomer, with all the perfected instruments of his profession, should endeavor to solve some intricate problem of the skies from the deck of a rocking boat! In this fact is found one great cause for the endless contradictions of all vivisectors—both self-contradictions and contradictions of each other—which have resulted in the immeasurable waste of animal life, and of great suffering.

Another scientific error which alone would cause distrust in the unbiased mind, is the ignoring, in vivisection, of the numerous and

vast differences existing between the various species. Vivisectors, such as Professor Rutherford, of England, have in candid moments acknowledged that whatever is "discovered" of value to man through animal experimentation must afterwards be "tried on man" himself before the "discovery" can benefit the human race! And in the vast majority of cases it is found that this "trying it on man" afterwards is a total failure. Even the great Sir Astley Cooper, through his mistake (caused by vivisection) of supposing that the process of repair in a bone, broken inside the capsule, was the same in human beings as in dogs, retarded surgical progress in that line for years, and made many cripples. The renowned surgeon, Sir Frederick Treves, of England, although denying that he is an anti-vivisectionist, yet has admitted, in the *British Medical Journal* for November 5, 1898, that his experiments on the intestines of dogs had so "hampered" him that he "had everything to unlearn." These differences between the various species are nowhere more glaring than in the matter of drugs and medicines. Some small animals, the pigeon and the rabbit, for instance, can take without injurious effect an amount of opium that would at once kill a human being; belladonna, so deadly to man, can be eaten by herbivorous animals with impunity; and like examples could be cited almost without number. Defenders of vivisection would have the lay public believe that drugs are always first tested on animals for the purpose of discovering their properties. Not so; the vast majority of drug "tests" are on human beings (with their consent), as can be ascertained by consulting such standard works as Clarke's "*Materia Medica*." And this has been found to be the only reliable method.

Moreover, the unscientific nature of vivisection has been often emphatically declared by impartial and disinterested scientific men of the highest standing—such as Sir Charles Bell, Professor Lawson Tait, Stephen Townsend, F.R.C.S.; Deputy Surgeon-General J. H. Thornton, Sir William Fergusson, F.R.S.; Dr. Chas. Bell Taylor, F.R.C.S.; and in this country by many physicians, represented by such earnest investigators as the late Professor James E. Garretson, Dr. William R. D. Blackwood, and Dr. Matthew Woods, of Philadelphia. Public judgment is, however, blinded by the glamor thrown around this practice by active, influential and brainy men, selfishly interested in its promotion. These carry with them the majority of the medical profession, who, like the rest of human na-

ture, float with the tide, very few of whom have ever seen a vivisection, and not one per cent. of whom ever performed one.

Now, as regards the practical results of vivisection. Much enlightenment in this direction may be found in the fact that the great University of Harvard, although asked many times of late at the Massachusetts State House hearings on Vivisection, to cite a single valuable discovery as a result of vivisection in their laboratories for the past fifty years, have been unable to do so! The very diseases for the cure of which vivisectors have been especially experimenting for the past twenty-five years, have meanwhile enormously increased in mortality; this includes diphtheria, cancer, pneumonia, cholera, Bright's disease, etc. This may be easily ascertained by consulting the Reports of the Registrar-General of England. The most sweeping claims, regarding famous discoveries in the past, are constantly made, but on examination they prove unwarranted. Sir Chas. Bell himself disclaimed that his discovery of the functions of the anterior and posterior nerves was the result of vivisection. Hunter's operation for aneurism of the artery, so often cited, was first tried and proved on human beings; animals never have this disease. Anæsthetics were discovered through experiments by medical men, Morton and Simpson, on themselves; and Harvey's additional facts regarding the circulation of the blood, largely gathered through observation of the valves in the veins of a dead body, could at any time have been demonstrated, as stated by Professor Tait, with a dead body and an injecting syringe. "Pasteurism" has not diminished the mortality from "hydrophobia," but has caused many deaths from laboratory poisoning with the virus of that disease; it is denounced by such authorities as Professor Lutaud, Dr. Dolan, Dr. Dulles, Professor Spitzka, and the late renowned Professor Peter. The modern "serums" have utterly failed; as the distinguished Dr. George Wilson, LL.D., of England, declared, August 2, 1899, before the British Medical Association, they "cannot be proved to have saved a single human life or lessened in any appreciable degree the load of human misery." Their most famous example, "diphtheria antitoxin," boomed, as it has been with the most consummate commercial ability, has yet been followed by an increased mortality from that disease in many parts of the world. The vital question, moreover, is not, "Has anything of value been discovered through vivisection?" but, "Has anything been discov-

ered that could have been discovered in no other way?" From time immemorial the most important facts, useful in the treatment of disease, have been gained through observation at the bedside, combined with anatomical study and post mortem examination, and, in later times, through work with the microscope. But these invaluable and proven means of research have of late years been to a great extent neglected for the new and "fascinating" method of vivisection, to the discredit of the profession and the increase of disease. The laws of hygiene, as well, have been grossly slighted, and in place of Nature's beneficent preventive measures in the shape of cleanliness, air, diet and physical and mental development, we have offered to us the loathsome products of disease propagated in the bodies of tortured animals, and are told to inject these abominations into the life-current of ourselves and our children!

When, however, we come to the ethical aspect of the question, the real inwardness of this practice is revealed. In the first place, the fact is undeniable that great cruelties are constantly perpetrated. The vivisectors themselves, when in a confidential mood, acknowledge this, and the physiological magazines are full of details appalling to the humane reader. "Anæsthetics"—so constantly urged in extenuation when the public conscience is to be calmed—are here to a great extent a delusion. Many experiments, such as those on the nervous system, the vital organs, circulation, etc., and those with drugs, would be utterly "vitiating" by the use of anæsthetics; while in experiments, involving lingering and painful disease (often referred to by vivisectors as "involving the mere prick of a pin") they are of course absent. In descriptions of experiments the drugs morphia and chloral are sometimes mentioned as if they were anaesthetics. These drugs, are, however, not true anæsthetics, but simply narcotics, producing at times a stupor, but not destroying pain. Indeed, under certain circumstances, morphia, on dogs, for example, acts as violent stimulant instead. Moreover, in place of anæsthetics, it is common for vivisectors to use a drug called curare, which paralyzes the nerves of motion, but in no wise acts as a deadener of pain. When this awful poison is employed the animal can be kept alive only by artificial respiration—in other words, air is continually pumped in and out of its lungs by means of an engine.

The practice of vivisection is also one of wide extent, notwith-

standing the habit of referring to its victims as "a few rabbits," or "a few guinea pigs." The most sensitively organized creatures are sacrificed in great numbers. It is a regular occupation, carried on by teachers for the purpose of demonstrating well-known facts, by students for the "practice" they may acquire, and by great numbers of physiologists throughout the world. Animals are vivisected by thousands in single establishments, in many of which, such as the Paris Academy of Medicine, they are bred for that purpose alone. Pasteur, in his experiments with rabies, sacrificed so many dogs that, as he wrote, the number had "passed beyond the possibility of numbering them." Taking this into consideration, its nature and extent, the amount of suffering caused by this practice may, to a certain degree, be realized.

It is at this point that the question comes before the honest and thinking mind, and will not be put aside—what right has Man, in the name of honor and conscience, to perpetrate these cruelties? What right has he, being the stronger, to make a curse to them of the poor lives of the creatures about him—to crush them beneath the heel of his egotism and tear them with the engines of his cupidity and ambition? This question has never been answered by either the vivisector or the apologist, from the callow medical student with a taste for "research" to the dignified Bishop, who brings, or seeks to bring the influence of his church in defense of his old-time friends of some vivisectioning university. It has never been answered because it can never be. The vivisectionist can ever invent some new "scientific" claim, as the old are one by one proved false, but from the moral standpoint he is without defense. The most he can do, when brought face to face with the moral law, is to employ the familiar *tu quoque* argument, and cite other shameless cruelties to the animal world as if these as a matter of course were justifiable. But to be brief, WHO SAYS SO? Who says we have the right to seize upon the beautiful horse, the patient cattle, the gentle sheep, the faithful dog, and all the breathing works of nature, and desecrate them on the altar of our appetites our greed or our curiosity? WHO SAYS SO? Give me no answer with the odor upon it of some foul and cruel superstition, always the bulwark of tyranny and wrong, but a clean and honest answer born of justice and common sense. Tell me why the small and weak are not entitled to their happiness as well as the great and strong,—why, in

obedience to anything but an all-absorbing egotism, we, the self-appointed arbiters of "justice" are forever violating the first principles of justice. But the only answer is silence. The driveling query, whether one would "sacrifice the child for the rabbit or the rabbit for the child" is not even an attempt at an answer,—it has its source only in the vacuum of a sophistry hopelessly impotent, for no one has ever dreamed of sacrificing the child for the rabbit. The domain of justice cannot be bounded by the limits of one race or species. The vicious idea that the means is sanctified by the end has been the excuse for every atrocity. The fallacy that undeserved suffering is less undeserved because endured by the helpless is the flimsiest in the domain of logic; and the same excuses that are given for the vivisection of animals would apply even more strongly to the vivisection of the pauper, the idiot and the outcast. No one perceives this more clearly than does the vivisectionist; hence his studied evasion of the questions outlined above. Would that serious thought might be given to those questions also by certain opponents of vivisection, who now by their daily life invite the irrelevant flings of the vivisector.

But the moral evils of vivisection are not confined to the act of injustice inflicted upon the animal. Nature is not safely abused, and the human soul, calloused by cruelty to its humbler associates, will become a curse to its own kind. By the encouragement of this practice upon those who have no power to resist and no voice to protest, we have slowly but surely awakened the demon of human vivisection whose shadow is already dark over the medical world. Men, women and children have been and are, through, inoculation, drug-poisoning and unnecessary operations, being vivisected secretly, and sometimes not so secretly, in the hospitals of the poor,—and the end is not in sight. The hunger for "physiological research" 'is simply sharpened by its unavailed attempts upon the "lower" species and longs for more appropriate material. This deadly menace has already become a powerful factor in keeping away from the free hospitals many unfortunates who realize their greater danger, in the presence of a subtle and unseen foe.

A great danger to society is also present in the fact that the moral callousness generated by the practice is liable to extend widely among the general public (as to some extent it already has) through familiarity with the statement and claims of vivisectors.

Why, then, in brief, do we oppose the practice of vivisection? We oppose it because it, itself, is opposed to both humanity and science. Because what is wrong from nature under such conditions is valueless, as it was from the tortured prisoner of old. Because, although some facts may have been thus blundered upon amid the mass of delusions and contradictions, yet by it the scientific mind has been diverted from rational and humane channels which would have produced results a hundred-fold greater. Because in comparison to the terrible cost of this method—cost in time, energy, moral retrogression and the suffering of sensitive creatures—all the “beneficial results” have been but a “drop in the bucket.” Because it is wrong to do evil even that good may come. Because justice allows no boundary line of species, and the right of the weak to exemption from pain is as sacred as the right of the strong. In short, because it is full time that the “right of might,” so long the gospel of savagery, should cease to be that of a civilized people.

J. M. GREEN.

THE STORY OF TORSTEN STAFHUGG.

FROM THE NORSE FOLKLORE.

TRANSLATED BY AXEL E. GIBSON.

As an introduction to the sagas, now for the first time submitted to the consideration of Anglo-Saxon readers, it may be necessary to remark that the events chronicled in them are not to be regarded as fiction but as real occurrences, lived and recorded more than one thousand years ago, in the beginning of the ninth century, at the very transition period of faith, when Christianity was making preparations to take the place of heathendom as a form of religious utterance.

The sagas are collected on Iceland—that famous repository for folk-lore of the ancient North—and from that quaint idiom translated into modern tongues. The heroes and heroines, so graphically described in them, were living characters—men and women—that once formed prosperous commonwealths on that lone, far away island, while enjoying the national peace and municipal order which forms the basis for all higher forms of civilization. They had their great chiefs and leaders, of whom their skalds* sung and their scribes chronicled; they had lawmakers, organized jurisdiction for protection of civic rights and liberty, and had well-defined methods of trade and exchange. Thus while the rest of Europe had sunk into that moral and mental stupor, called the Dark Ages; when humanity knew of no higher duties than to burn or banish the best and noblest of their sons, the dwellers of this sequestered island gave expression to their mental and moral vigor in naval and geographical exploits, domestic and public virtues, and in a literature the wealth and extent of which is as yet only partly disclosed. Most of what we know of the old Norse Mythology—by scholars pronounced to be the profoundest of all mythologies—has been discovered in the old family archives on Iceland.

The events that form the contents of the sagas were transmitted orally from generation to generation. During the long, dark winter months, when all outdoor labor had to be suspended, the members of different households came together and told their recollections and the recollections of their ancestors, which they scrupulous-

* Skalds = bards, poets.

ly learnt by heart, for interested listeners, who in their turn memorized and bequeathed them to upcoming generations. This gave rise to an enormous folk-lore, which remained unwritten until the 11th century, when the great historian of the North, Snorre Sturlassan, undertook the grand work of recording and putting into system this bulk of fragments of human experiences; of joys and sorrows, of life and death. The labors of this able historian were finally embodied in *Noræna Tongia** in written manuscripts, and at present scattered about in different seats of learning throughout the Scandinavian countries.

Located in the North Sea some 1,300 miles from the coast of Norway, Iceland received its population from the Scandinavian countries in the beginning of the 8th century of our era. In order to free themselves from the pressing yoke of a powerful, but despotic ruler—King Harald Haarfager (the fairhaired)—most of the oldest and noblest families from those countries then migrated to Iceland to rear a new commonwealth under happier auspices. Bringing with them the traditions—chronicled or oral—of their ancient ancestry—historic, mythic or mystic—their new home became at once the privileged starting ground for great literary achievements.

The French historian, Baron de Montesquien, in an able treatise on the traits and customs of the old Norsepeople, gives full credit to their unconquerable energy and civic virtues:

“The great prerogative of Scandinavia,” says Montesquien, “is that it afforded the great resource to the liberty of Europe, that is to almost all of liberty there is among men. The Goth Jornandes calls the north of Europe the forge of mankind. I would rather call it the forge of those instruments which broke the fetters manufactured in the south.”

In rendering these sagas into English no pains or study have been omitted to find such vocabulary and syntax as would best permit a carrying over into the modern tongue all the quaintness, simplicity and strength of the original idiom. Thus I was obliged to reduce the English to its Saxon derivatives and construe sentences in accordance with the custom and characteristics of the time portrayed.

* *Noræna Tongia* = the typical uniting of the old Norse people before the Gothic or Latin types were introduced.

THE STORY.

Toraren was an old, half-blind peasant, and lived in a place called Söndalen (the valley of the sun), and though bent by years, he was yet hard to deal with. He had a son, Torsten, a tall, stalwart and thoughtful man, who single-handed could do more work than three other men together. Though not well-to-do, the old man made an uncumbered livelihood by breeding and selling horses.

One day at the county horse-fair, where Torsten was watching the sale of these animals, a man, Tord, brought about a fight between one of Torsten's stallions and his own. Tord was a horse-swain in the household of the mighty Chief Bjarné Brodd Helgesson to *Hof*, and had a quarrelsome disposition. He let every one feel that he was in the household of a mighty man, though this brought him neither praise nor friendship.

The fight had not lasted long when Tord's horse showed signs of weakness, and Tord, to save it from being overcome, gave Torsten's stallion a hard blow over the nose with his horse-staff. Then Torsten did the same to Tord's stallion, which at once galloped away amidst the shout of the lookers-on.

No sooner had Tord seen what had happened than he swung his staff anew and struck Torsten a blow over his eye so that the eyebrow slid down over it. After tearing off a part of his blouse that he might bind up his hurt, Torsten gave no further heed to the ill deed, but asked the bystanders to tell nothing about it to his old father. The whole occurrence would soon have been forgotten had it not been for the two brothers, Tarhall and Torvald—Chief Bjarné's hired men, who were the tale-bearers of the county. Hence the news of Torsten's cut eyebrow was carried wide and far. The two brothers also found a nickname for him—*Stafhugg* (struck with a staff) through which the people were made to bear in mind his faint-heartedness in asking of Tord neither mulct nor *envig* (a fatal hand-to-hand fight between two antagonists).

So the summer passed by. During winter, shortly before Yuletide, the women folks in *Söndalen* used to rise early in the morning and go to work. Torsen also left his bed early one morning, and after he had brought in some hay, he lay down again on the bench to rest for a while. His father passed through the room, and seeing some one on the bench, asked who it was.

Torsten replied.

"Why are you up so early this morning, my son?" the old man asked.

"We have no more men about the place, and I also must do my part of the work."

"Don't your forehead give you pains, my son?" the father asked.

"I feel no pains, father," Torsten answered.

"What have you to tell me about the fight at the horse fair last summer, my son?" the old man asked again. "Were you not then beaten senseless like a dog, my kin?"

"It hardly seems to me worth while to give to a mishap the meaning of a wilful blow," answered Torsten.

"Not until now," shouted the old Toraren, "did I know that I had a coward for a son!"

"Do not say more about this, father," Torsten interrupted. "It may happen that you will feel yourself had said too much."

"I will not use to you, son, so strong words as those which I now have in mind," Toraren answered.

Then Torsten leaped from the bench, seized his battle-ax and left the house. He took his course to Chief Bjarné's stable where Tord was looking after the horses. When face to face to him, Torsten said:

"Good Tord, I would like to know if the cut you gave me last summer at the horse fair was a mishap or done wilfully."

"If you have two months let your tongue swing from the one to the other." Tord answered, "while in the one word, call it mishap if you like; and again when you speak in the other, call it full earnest;—and there you have all the mulcts or betters you will get out of me."

"And this," shouted Torsten, "this will be the last time you ever will be asked for it by me."

Then leaping forward he smote Tord's head with his ax and split it in two. Then making his way to the dwelling of Hof, he met a woman on the yard to whom he said:

"Tell Chief Bjarné that the cattle have gored his horse-swain Tord and that he is waiting for him in the stable to come and see him."

"Make haste, man, to go home," the woman answered, "and I will give him the news in right time."

Torsten returned home, and the woman went on her way.

When noontide came and Chief Bjarné did not see his horse-swain at meal-time he asked his people for him. Some one answered that perhaps he might be found looking after the horses in the field.

"Were he unharmed," said Bjarné, "he would not have been anywhere but here at this time."

Then the woman with whom Torsten had been talking, perceived that it was the right time to tell of what she knew.

"It is true," said she, "that what has often been said about women, that not much truth is to be found among us. This morning early, Torsten Stafhugg came to tell you that cattle had gored the horse-swain Tord who wanted to see you in the stable. I met Torsten on the yard asking me to tell you about it, but I didn't feel as if I ought to wake you up so early as that, and afterwards forgot all about it."

Bjarné rose from his meal and went to the stable. There he found the cold and stiff body of the slain horse-swain. As soon as he was buried, a suit was instituted by Chief Bjarné against the slayer—Torsten Stafhugg, and at the next sitting of the *Ting* (county court) he was proclaimed as without home and shelter and was outlawed in the land of his birth. This gave to whomsoever that met him the right to kill him and made it unlawful to feed or shelter him. Still Torsten stayed at home in Söndalen where he worked for his old father. Bjarné let him alone.

One evening the following autumn the housefolks at Hof were engaged at the singeing of sheepheads over the fire round which they all were seated.* Bjarné, who was resting on a bench outside, close to the wall, listened to the talk, and heard the two brothers, Torhall and Torvald speak about the slaying of the horse-swain Tord.

"When we took hire in this household of this so mighty and far-famed Chief Bjarné," they were saying, "we had small thought that we should sit here and singe sheepheads, while the outlawed Torsten is singeing rams-heads in his home in Söndalen. Better would have

* This custom is still kept up in Iceland, where every autumn the heads of the sheep butchered for the winter months are singed at a large open house-fire. This offers a great and welcome opportunity for the enjoyment of a good fire, when generally a hearty conversation springs up. The following day all the household is invited to feast on the boiled or otherwise prepared sheepheads.

been had Bjarné shown a little more gentleness toward his own kin in *Bäduarsdalen* where he slew his own uncle, than to afterwards let the outlawed in *Söndalen* go free and bear his head as high as Chief Bjarné himself. But most people get timid when their own wounds are smarting, and it is hard telling when he will have the mind to wipe out this stigma from his name."

To this one of the other men answered:

"It is worse to utter such words than to keep silent, and to me it seems as if the goblins had turned the tongues in your mouth awry. Methinks Chief Bjarné shows this kindliness of feeling to Torsten for the old half-blind Toraren and the other helpless ones in *Söndalen*. And it will not be of small wonder to me if you are found in this household singeing sheeps-head another year, and have more loud talk about what once took place in *Bödvardsdalen*."

Night came; the people took the evening-meal and went to bed. None could see on Bjarné that he had heard what the men had been saying.

The morning following, he told the two brothers Torhall and Torvald to ride over to *Söndalen* and to bring back with them Torsten Stafhugg's head, cut away from the body, "as I find"—so he put the words—"that you are more troubled than others as to how the stigma is to be wiped off my name. For myself I am too weak and fearing to do it."

The two now perceived that they had said too much, yet they dared not refuse to do what Bjarné asked of them, and so they soon reached *Söndalen* where they fastened their horses at the gate of old Toraren's house. In the passage-doorway stood Torsten sharpening a sword. Seeing the two brothers he asked their errand. They answered that they were looking for horses. He showed them the way to where they were feeding, a distance of two stone-throws from the house.

"Yet it will be no easy thing for us to find them," they said. "Go with us to the place."

Then Torsten left the doorway and went with them to find the horses. When they reached the outside of the gate Torvald swung his ax to strike Torsten, who turned quickly and caught it, turning it with great skill so that it struck into the head of Torvald in place of in his own. Then Torhall attacked him from the other side, but Torsten's good sword was too swift for him, and he fell, pierced

through the heart. After they both were killed Torsten tied them on their horses and sent them home to Hof, with the reins folded over their necks. A hired man who saw the horses at the gate waiting to be unbridled made haste to tell Chief Bjarné that the two brothers had come back and that they had not gone on their errand in vain. As Bjarné saw their bodies hanging down over the horses' necks, he perceived at once what had happened, but said nothing. He let them be buried, and everything went on quiet until Yule-tide had passed by.

One evening, before Bjarné had gone to bed, his wife said to him :

"What do you think the people in our county talk most of now a days?"

"I do not know," answered Bjarné, "but most of what they say is not worth listening to." Then the wife kept on :

"What people speak of most now a days is how long Chief Bjarné of Hof, is to let the outlawed Torsten Stafhugg of Söndalen keep on doing ill deeds unhurt and unstayed. Already three of your men have been slain by him and your *Tingmen* (ancient jurors) don't think they may reckon on you for much help when troubled times come, if you let such deeds pass unheeded."

"Now comes to pass," answered Bjarné, what oft-times has been said: that none takes warning from others mishaps. You shall have your will, wife, even if Torsten in his deeds has only done what he had the right to do."

More was not said that evening, and the morning following Bjarné took down his shield and sword from the wall. At that time Ramweg, the wife, woke up and asked him whither he was going.

"To Söndalen," was his answer, "and there it is to be made fully known who is the best man—I or Torsten Stafhugg."

"And how many men will make up your following?" She asked.

"Not large will be my following," he answered. "I will meet Torsten alone."

"Do not stake your life on your skill in warding off the blows of that heedless outlaw!" she cried.

But to this Bjarné answered.

"Now the truth has become open, that you are like all other women, who often are found weeping over something, which they have themselves before been trying to bring about. I can suffer full

many an ill-use from you and from others and bear it with evenness; but once after I made up my mind to do something, it boots to nought to try to keep me back. I will, and I shall go."

And so Bjarné went to Söndalen, where he found Torsten standing in the doorway. The two men took to shift a few words with each other. After a while Bjarné said:

"To-day, Torsten Stafhugg, I want you to meet me in *envig*, on the hilltop, where the *Runestone* stands (a lettered monument erected in memory of some event, or of some honored dead.)

"I am not a worthy match for you in *envig* Chief Bjarné," answered Torsten. "As soon the ships begin to plow the waters shall I leave my home and Iceland for ever, and die a *biltag* (exile). I know that you will give my father all the help he needs with which to work his farm."

"Now no talk shall stay our fight," said Bjarné. "The time has come."

"But first you must let me see my father."

"I shall not hinder you from seeing your father," was Bjarné's answer.

Torsten went indoors to his old father and told him of the *envig*. To this old Toraren said:

"Whoever goes to battle with his over-man and better, to whose house he brought shame and sorrow, must not hope to wear out many more blouses. I shall not feel great sorrow for you, as you have done much ill to Bjarné and his house. Now take your weapons and fight for your life to the last! Once upon a time in days of yore I should not feel the worse for having had to cross swords with even so mighty a man as Chief Bjarné—even though he is famed as the bravest of warriors. Yet it seems to me less of a grief to lose you, than to have a coward for a son."

The old man then lay down upon his bed, and Torsten went out to Bjarné who was waiting for him on the hilltop. Soon Torsten was there too, and the *envig* began at once. They clashed swords mightily, and before long the armor on both of them was cut asunder. At last Bjarné said:

"I feel myself suffering from thirst. I am not so used to do this kind of work as you."

"Yonder in the brook you will find water to quench your thirst," answered Torsten.

Bjarné threw his sword on the ground as he went to find the water. Torsten touched the edge of the sword with his finger to test its sharpness, and when Bjarné returned he said:

"This sword could hardly have been the one which you used in Bödwardsdalen. Without doubt, your kin there had to feel a sharper edge than this."

To this Bjarné answered nothing and so they took up the fight for a while again. Bjarné found the man very skilled in handling a sword, and able to stand harder blows than he had thought.

"Many things happen to me to-day," he said. "My shoe-strings have loosened."

"Well," said Torsten, "we will wait so you may tie them up." While Bjarné tied the shoes Torsten went inside the house and returned holding in his hands two shields and one sword.

"Here, Bjarné," he said, "I have brought you a shield and a good sword, which my father sends you, and you will not find it duller in edge than the one you have been using. And as I am unwilling to meet your blows unshielded, I also have brought with me a shield for myself. Yet would I rather put an end to this game of swords as I am afraid the turn of our fight will follow your good fortune and not my poor luck, and everyone hangs on to his own life the best he can."

"No use trying to back out of this game before we reach the end," answered Bjarné. "The fight shall go on."

"I turn over to you the first blow," said Torsten.

Then Bjarné cut Torsten's shield in two, and when Torsten thereupon let his sword clash against Bjarné's shield, this also was severed.

"Now we will begin some fine cutting," said Bjarné.

"The blow I dealt your shield," said Torsten, "matched (even up) yours in strength."

"Yet," answered Bjarné, "the sword you have been using all the time cuts still the best."

Then Torsten said:

"If this be so I would rather not be urged to do an ill deed which would bring me more harm still. With fear and grief I fight you. Once more I beg of you to stop and I shall do whatever you may ask of me."

Now it was given Bjarné the right to strike and there they stood

with lifted swords sternly looking at each other. No shield had they, nor armor: At last Bjarné said:

It is a vile bargain to yield good acts with mean ones. I think I will get full pay in yourself alone for the loss of my three men, if you be faithful to me."

"More than once to-day," was Torsten's answer, "has it come in my way to turn false on you, had my evil fate been stronger than your good fortune; and never shall I prove false to you." To this Bjarné said:

"I see from that that you are a truer and better man than most others. You must first of all let me go into your old father and tell him a story of my own."

"I consent gladly for you to see my father," Torsten answered; "but be careful how you take him."

Bjarné then walked into the house. He found the old, half-blind Toraren in the bed-room, crouched on a bench.

"Who is coming?" the old man asked.

Bjarné gave him his name.

"What tidings do you bring, Good Chief Bjarné?" he next asked.

"Your son Torsten has fallen," said Bjarné.

"Did he strike you some good blows before he fell?" asked Toraren quickly.

"No man I ever knew gave quicker and more skilful blows than your son Torsten," answered Bjarné.

"It is no wonder," Toraren then said, "that you were hard to deal with in Bödwardsdalen, when you even had the might to bring down my son Torsten."

Bjarné then replied:

"I will offer you a home in my household on *Hof* where you shall have a seat next to my own. As long as I live I will be in you son's place to you."

"The life I lead here is no worse than that of others who have to work for their food, and too often the unwise and the foolish are gladdened by bright but empty pledges. What you say of making my life more bearable in this my grief, you may perhaps after a month already have forgotten, and I may then be put where the beggars have their place—but my sorrow will not end by that. Yet may he who is looked upon as worthy the grasp of a hand like yours, good Chief Bjarné, rest untroubled, whatever fate awaits him. Therefore

come over to my bedside and clasp hands with me as a sign of keeping your word steadfastly. You must come close for the old man is nearly blind and age and unhealth shake him from head to foot and then the tidings of his son's death has stricken him with its grief."

Bjarné went over to the old man and took his hand. At that moment he perceived that his fingers were seeking the handle of a short-sword, and hardly got time to hie away. Then Bjarné cried out:

"Treacherous old man, now that shall happen to you which you rightly deserve. Your son Torsten is alive and shall follow me home to *Hof*. But you shall remain here and in place of being helped by your sons, you shall be helped by serfs. Yet you shall be wanting nothing as long as you live."

After this Bjarné left the old man and went home to *Hof* followed by Torsten, who remained with him until his death. Few men were to be found who could equal him in worth, kindness and daring.

Bjarné's good husbandry continued as long as he lived. As he grew in age, he grew in kindness. Wherever need or danger was greatest Bjarné was sure to be the foremost. In the latter part of his life he became a strong believer in Christianity. He then went on a pilgrimage to Rome and died on the journey. He lies buried in a town named Valeri. As the father of a family he was happy: from his stock have sprung many of Iceland's proudest chiefs. Among these was the famous chronicler and skald Snorre Sturlassan.

AXEL EMIL GIBSON.

THE HIEROPHANTS OF THE SUN.

A PARABLE OF INITIATION.

BY CHARLES D. SHERMAN.

Introduction.

This story presents to its readers the natural correspondencies between the primary colors and the human senses. The colors Red, Blue and Yellow in their primary and blended states represent every mental state and every quality of mental and physical power.

Seen objectively these colors not only suggest but also qualify our conscious being with their dynamic force. Modern science has corroborated this fact. In these relationships rest the profound truths of Quabbalastic philosophies, understood by ancient and modern mystics.

To revel in a color—mentally and physically is to develop the dynamic force and mental qualities corresponding to the color. All mental states create organic brain and body structure. When we can sense and feel intense colors our perceptions lead us into normal ecstatic mentalities and vitalities.

In these truths are centered the powers of ideal suggestion. Over this road spiritual consciousness is attained. The relation of the primary colors to their qualities and dynamic powers should be known by everyone and should be a part of the education of the child.

PART I.

Not to know when and where you are, is a peculiar condition. I had climbed the Crystal Glacier and had become a Hierophant in the Sacred Order of the Sun. All of a sudden all became blank. I crossed the bridge that spans from Night to coming Light, across the plastic Sea of Generation, and here I am again on this little Red Star. Having very little dross to purify I shall not be long with you. I cannot fully determine whether "two lives in one" or "One life in two" expresses it, but one or the other of these two states of consciousness will have to account for my eccentricities. Every one, mostly, calls me queer.

I always had a fondness for Crystals; anything, any shape that was clear, white and transparent, always fascinated me. But as I grew in years and understanding I could detect the genuine Rock Crystal

from all spurious formations. At first I did not realize the fact that the Crystal I loved was the most powerful bond of sympathy between my being and God manifest in the Universe about me; that Spiritual Essence, which when tangibly felt carries consciousness into the realm of exaltation and ecstasy. Just as the East Indian native experienced a sense of exhilaration and joy from the bit of glass and the Cowrie shell, so I had a thirst for Crystals.

I desired some description of that Crystallized Essence of God about me at all times. This was always possible with me as the rocky suburban districts of the city in which I lived abounded in small crystals of quartz, amethyst and garnet. So when a mere boy I spent many hours hunting specimens of those imperfect, but fascinating gems which were to play such an important part in my subsequent life. Gems of all colors, for a while occupied my attention. I started to solve the problem of their nature and origin. Before long I had quite a complete collection of the various Crystalline formations, both in their primitive state and also after they had been prepared for the decorative world. I soon became knowing of their colors, purity, quality, where found and all data of significance appertaining to their adhesive sphere. The diamond, emerald, opal, topaz, tourmaline, all, for a while, attracted my being. I became an adept in the discernment of the different qualities and types. I could almost determine their specific gravity by instinct.

Finally, the pure white gem became the all-absorbing attraction. I, for a while, had an inordinate desire for diamonds, and starved myself to gain possession of them. After a short time they did not satisfy, and my desire relapsed to the primitive unsophisticated Crystal. I cared not for separate colors in gems. I perceived that the Crystal reflected all colors. The opal did the same, but it was not transparent, and the many kaleidoscopic reflections depressed me. Again, as I compared the light radiating from the diamond with the crystal, I found the diamond to send forth a cold, hard, cynical, heartless, soulless lustre, with the sensation of cold steel mixed with it, whereas the Rock Crystal radiated and emanated a subtle phosphorescent glow which translated my senses into the Mystic Ecstatic Sea of Light.

With this condition of exaltation and ecstasy, excited by the phosphorescent emanation of the Crystal, ever came the desire for purity in thought and aspiration. I determined to fathom the realm

of Crystal formations until the truth should be unraveled and I could fully understand its real potency in my life. I set other gems aside as not worthy of investigation and sought only true Rock-Crystal formations. I soon had Chrysophrase, Chysolite and Chrysoberyl in my laboratory, but found them all to be mongrels and off-shoots from the primitive type of Crystal which emanated that pure Phosphorescent Glow.

Seven years of research and close application to this all-absorbing science of Crystallurgy had a profound effect upon my whole being. Under the powerfully concentrated effort I had become extremely sensitive. I found that by looking at any Crystal for a very few moments, I was, to some degree, lifted out of myself, translated into a new and marvelous state of consciousness. I seemed to become a new and changed personality, a new identity—a new being. At this stage I determined that I must become the possessor of a Crystal of primitive purity and greatest power of phosphorescent emanation.

I carried this thought about me for some two months, and sought every avenue and opportunity of pricing and prizing Crystals. The geological specimen stores, the jewelers and gem-selling establishments became familiar with my presence and knowing to my wishes. Some of the dealers were vexed with me for not purchasing where quality and price were in line with a very good bargain. But still my instincts held me aloof.

Day after day passed during this period of search and disappointment until one day, early in the month of August, a day when the moon had reached its highest degree of will and desire to outshine the sun by night. Just as the moon was rising in majestic grandeur over the roofs of the houses, in the Chinese quarter of our city, I strolled by the laundries and bric-a-brac stores with that Crystal, the one thought prevailing. I had returned to myself enough to stop and gaze into a window where some china tea-sets and a few bronzes were clustered together with a more finished air of artistic conception than usual. There sat Fra-dou on the rock with the usual sword in one hand and the coil of rope in the other, pictures of cranes wading through waters, birds and caterpillars in all attitudes. These were of more than usual excellence, of the excellence always portrayed by those non-perspective minds, whose almond-shaped eyes can only see and sense the superficies. But not so with

all members of that moon-eyed race—that phosphorescent Crystal race of beings, or rather Crystallized race. Crystals and moon-eyes always go together, for anything Crystal relates to the moon and everything moony is also related to Crystals. A Crystal ball cut and polished by any but a moon-eyed Oriental will not emanate phosphorescence to its natural degree. This I have found out by experience.

There I was, looking into that window in Chinatown. The moon was shining full upon my head and shoulders. I was in hopes to find the object of my quest. Just then I felt a hand touch me, and, upon turning, I found myself looking upon the most peculiar Oriental physiognomy I have ever seen, before or since.

“Quien Sabe,” said a peculiar squeaky voice, proceeding from a pair of small thin lips which reminded me of a small half-starved child.

Before I had time to scan the features more closely, the same lips accosted me in English.

“You are searching for a Crystal,” he said.

I admitted the fact.

“Follow me,” said the voice, and I followed.

I never knew Chinatown was so extensive before. We finally entered a building and climbed staircase after staircase until we reached the upper floor. He then led me into a room at the back of the house. I had noticed very little else than that Chinaman since I set out in pursuit of the Crystal which he said he had. There seemed to be a spell of some nature over me, which I could not resist.

I collected my reasoning faculties as I entered the room and looked about me, and for the first time, really distinguished the features of my new-found Oriental. His lips were thin, mouth small, chin narrow and teeth small and regular, but like pearls; but above that narrow jaw and chin there towered a head large and massive in proportions. His body was of medium height, thin and spare, but his eyes were intense and lustrous, and there seemed to emanate from them the same phosphorescence that came from all pure Crystals. The room was sparsely furnished. There were two modern chairs, cane-seated, and a table with a light on it, of common variety. The other end of the room was rather dark, but as far as I could see, was furnished in Oriental style, and, hanging on the wall, was the usual Chinese prayer book in red leaves.

Just as I sat down at the opposite side of the table from my new-found friend, he accosted me in good English, with but slight traces of his native accent.

"Your name is ————," said he, "and you have desired a Crystal of pure emanation."

This I admitted.

"Well," he continued, "I have been appointed by the members of the Sacred Priesthood of the Sun, to deliver into your hands a Crystal of marvelous purity. It grew near our Temple, near the summit of our Sacred Mountain, in the heart of Japan. Already your brain has become illuminated and your consciousness has become lucid in the Sapphire Sea of Crystal Purity. We, of the Sacred Order, communing with angels from the Crystal Sea, were informed of your birth, and have watched and encouraged you day by day until you entered the realm of desire and yearning for the Crystal of Pure Emanation. I am here to deliver the Crystal and Talisman of our Order. The Crystal will uplift you into the realm of Revelation, and through its power you can keep in touch with us at the Shrine of the Sacred Mountain. You are at present but an Initiate of the First Degree. The Road to the realization of the Alkahest will be shown you by consulting the Crystal. Should your desire continue and your adherence be of as determined a quality, you will eventually become an Hierophant of High Degree. You have already entered the adhesive sphere; gradually your mind will expand until you reach the Shoreless Sea."

All this was Greek to me at that time, although the emanations from the man had a most perceptible effect upon me.

"You have consciously entered the realm of the Cosmic Law," he continued, "and can touch the Universe with the aid of the lost art of the senses, namely, the true cosmic instinct."

These statements were also unintelligible to me. But I must acknowledge that, up to that time, no man whom I had ever met had appeared so marvelously conscious, both mentally and physically, as this olive-hued Oriental. I already believed in physical mentality as well as a purely intellectual mentality. My Oriental friend now went to the end of the room and returned with a package which looked to be a bundle of matting tied about with ratan filaments. He undid the wrapping, and drew forth from the center, a much smaller package. Then removing the linen wrappers which were carefully

wound around some hard substance, he placed in my hands a Crystal of marvelous purity. This Crystal was not globe-shaped, as would have been supposed, but was of remarkable form, some eight inches long and hexagonal in shape, wrested from its natural bed in the caverns of that Sacred Mountain, primitive and pure.

"We, of the Priesthood of the Sun," he continued, "consecrate these pure natural Crystals at our Shrine. Unpolluted by the touch of man they reflect the Ray of the Infinite, in Crystal Sapphire Purity. Go to some quiet spot where the Sun's rays can strike its surface, gaze therein and the desire of your being shall be fulfilled," said he.

Taking from his bosom a small package, without undoing it, he handed it to me. "Here is your talisman of our order," he continued. "Preserve it until you present it at the door of our Temple where we are bound to recognize the Talisman of our Shrine."

He then escorted me out of doors to that same spot in front of that Chinaman's window, bade me good evening, and was soon lost to view.

When I had become conscious of my place and whereabouts and started for home I began to feel a peculiar sense of exaltation pervading my being. It overcame me most completely; so much so, that upon arriving in my room I threw myself upon a couch and there remained until morning. I awoke refreshed, finding myself reclining on the couch with my outdoor garments still on. It was as from a dream—no, not a dream, for, as I sat up I felt a weight in my pocket, and drew forth the Crystal which my Oriental friend had given me the evening before. I also found the package containing the Talisman.

PART II.

What follows in this narrative is strictly Relative Truth. I am now undertaking a determined search for that Temple of the Sun, which I know still exists, although these events of my life which have been given happened in my last incarnation.*

I had abundant time to reflect upon and about that moon-eyed, yellow-garbed Oriental, and that Crystal and Talisman. It rained steadily for three days; not one ray of sunlight pierced the clouds. I believe that that curved-eyed Chinaman knew it would; for the

* By "incarnation" the writer evidently means a specific period of experience.

turn of the moon, at either of the four sacred angles, disturbs the mind of the Vestal Maiden who holds the waters in her sieve, and for many hours, sometimes, the water leaks through and shuts off the Sun. At last, however, the maiden's mind becomes lucid again and she stops up the holes in her sieve and the Sun goes to work again sucking up the water that has been spilled. That old adage must be kept good, "In order for water to run down hill it must be got up there somehow." On the third day, at any rate, the sky was clear and the Sun had a most glorious opportunity to start life and emanation in all God's creations without forcing its rays through millions of globules of watery mists.

For these three days desire, desire, had set my brain throbbing. That word "desire!" For that Oriental had said, "desire, and the Crystal will reveal." And again I remembered he told me that if I wished I could become a Hierophant in his Holy Order. This fact impressed me greatly, for already I had become weary of the evanescent qualities of the so-called Real which we are all of us forced to accept as daily food, on this little planet where we now are. I felt that to become one of that Sacred Order of High Degree meant to enter the realm of content, enjoyed only by the favored and few.

There was a small room on the upper story of the house where I lived, designed for a store-room, lighted from overhead by a skylight. I took possession and consecrated it to my first attempt to invoke the Spirit of the Crystal. I found a portion of an old white silk curtain hanging on the back of an old broken chair. This I took from its abiding place, shook off the dust, and spread it over the end of an old chest, which I had placed upright directly under the skylight where the Sun's rays could strike it. Carefully placing the Crystal upright on the center of the white surface on the end of the chest, I sat down on a chair and tried to collect myself.

I immediately felt drawn toward that Crystal. Bracing up against this feeling, I tried to determine just what desire I would gratify first. Of a sudden I felt a quite severe stinging pain in the region of my heart. It seems that I had placed that Talisman in the inside pocket of my vest, on the left side. The moment the Sun's rays touched the Crystal that Talisman began vibrating and emanating in sympathy with it. Some of the rays of magnetic heat from the Talisman had pierced my heart and caused the sense of

pain. The rays carried strengthening and healing properties, as I found out afterward, but human tissue requires to become gradually adapted to them. I placed the Talisman-side of the Crystal on the silk curtain and awaited Revelations.

What must be my Path of Ascent to become a Hierophant in the Mystic Order of the Sun? This would I know! This I determined should be revealed.

A sense of stupor crept over me, and, as I receded from the world of natural forms, that Crystal held my vision until nought else existed. As I gazed there seemed to spring around its base innumerable tiny jets of flame. As these flames caressed the base of that Crystal pyramid it began to vibrate and grow—grow and expand, wider and taller, wider and taller! It seemed to rest on the foundation of its birth, on the Sacred Mountain of the Sun in the heart of Oriental Japan. And I, my humble self, seemed to stand, clothed in a loin-girdle, at its base, with a heavy battle-axe in my hands.

By the way, I remember that at first I did not have that battle-axe, but a little red-looking hobgoblin came up and put it into my hands, for I was too wonder-stricken to have known enough to have taken it. I remember clearly how, at that time everything looked to be of those two colors, red and yellow. That little sprite was red; I was standing on yellow earth, and all around me looked yellow, even the very base of the Crystal.

Love of heavens! but was I not nervously shaken up at that moment? I looked up and watched that Crystal grow and grow until it appeared to be the vast steep precipice of one side of a mighty mountain. Way up, thousands of feet above me, the top of that Crystal, where the Sun had touched it, that very top seemed to be lost in a Crystalline Sea of Sapphire Light, shedding rays of dazzling brightness. From that height, down to the base, there was nought but one steep, glaring, glistening surface of crystal, of icy whiteness, except the rainbow flood of emanations, of every hue and tint, where the sun's rays had struck some microscopic angle on that mighty surface and shot out into space. Cloven in two by the weapon of Thor and sent to earth in red and blue, these rays tinged the petals of some flower or reflected from the robe of the Virgin Mary in the mosaic window of some cathedral.

If I had not previously entered the realm of passionate yearning

I would have turned back that moment; I would have hurled that battle-axe at the retreating form of that little red imp and have given up the quest. The search for the Holy Grail, the red wine of the chalice, flashed through my mind. However, I could not, or did not turn back, but still gazed upward over that surface of icy Crystal.

For a while I seemed to be enshrouded with a pall of impenetrable silence. Now, to me, silence is death. God was always out when silence was in. I had become so sensitive, however, owing to previous developments, that I was never in the silence.

There was a period in which everything seemed noisy. I was supersensitive to noise. I evolved through that period and my mind became obtuse to all heavy noises. Carts rumbling, the buzz of the nearby saw mill, and all similar noises, had no perceptible effect upon me, unless I adjusted my senses to receive and analyze them. I supposed that I had finally become impervious to sound-waves and was to have a mental rest. I had prayed and invoked the silence that my weary brain might regain its healthy poise. I did overcome that realm of sounds, but, as usual, the unexpected occurred. No matter what you wrestle with in this world there is always a coarser and finer degree of the same thing. This is an immensely active universe; even every atom is active. Nothing keeps still; there is no rest from the atom to the human brain. I evolved out of the realm of the buzz-saw and trolley-car, but a new condition invaded my life.

One day I stopped in the park to read the botanic name of a plant, which was on a placard tied to it. The peculiar sensitive response which this plant showed to the near presence of anything vibrating animal life, had for a long time attracted my attention. As I bent over to read the words, "*Mimosa Sensitiva*," I was surprised to hear a musical sound floating out. I perceived afterward that I could hear plants, flowers, trees, even stones and boulders grow. I also discovered the fact that this new and subtle manifestation of sounds affected me harmoniously, instead of disturbing me as former sounds had. I also noticed that following those moments devoted to listening to the songs of the trees and flowers I felt as if everything was harmonious and beautiful. My vision was in a clear light, and in that state I was accompanied by a harmonious concord of sounds which seemed to emanate from my

own being, a part of myself. I came to the conclusion, finally, that even my own body, like the rock and the tree, was singing an anthem to the Creator; and it was only when my body was singing this song of harmony that I was centered in the midst of harmonious thought. Before I awakened into this realm of soul sounds my body was thin, weakly and emaciated; now it has become in full form and healthy vigor.

I have been relating how destiny, weaving its fateful events of joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, had brought me consciously in touch with this spiritual mystic realm. In this present incarnation, although my faculties are somewhat dim and murky as compared with the exalted mental state which I was in during that Crystalline period, I still realize the fact that the human principle must become consciously related to this realm of soundless sounds in order to attain full selfhood and harmony.

I relate my experiences and hope that many will profit. I firmly believe that all souls have to experience the same process of evolution, and the sooner they hunt for that little red imp who carries the stone hatchet, and make the attempt to scale that Crystal glacier of purity, just so much the sooner will they become one in harmony with the All-Light and commune with the Beloved.

PART III.

Let us see, at this moment when am I? O, yes, at the last incarnation; and where am I? Here at the foot of that Crystal glacier with that stone battle-axe in my hands, and that little imp is walking down a path trailing about the summit of the mountain at my feet. But that imp did not go down that mountain path. He passed right into the mountain, went right through solid rocks, boulders and earth, leaving rays of light behind and around him, enabling me to see him. I saw him finally enter a cavern and sit down by a fire with others of the same order of beings.

I remember how the first few moments of waiting at the foot of that Crystal plane, with that axe in my hands, were attended with an awful sense of weariness and loneliness. Soon, however, I was seized with that yearning and desire to become a Hierophant of high degree. I was again in that realm of subtle sounds. Again I heard that Crystal grow, and, as the atoms of my body responded, I began to tingle all over. Ever since that time, when I feel that tingling sensation, I know what is coming. I can only think of two

words, "thought" and "thirst." Thought of love and purity and a thirst to be one with God.

Once I was myself just like the great crowd. I thought that we could only guess at God intellectually. During the early part of that incarnation I went to many of the guessing schools and listened to the guessers. One day there were many white men on the guessing platform and each one guessed that the other guessed wrong. A little later I was introduced to a high cast Hindu, in fact, I met several, and they also guessed in the same way. I finally made up my mind that we can guess quite correctly how we feel, but it is difficult to guess just what we know and what we believe. But I do believe that the guessing and knowing machines are closely allied, and depend upon the feeling processes. In fact, the feeling processes must work first, and it is only during certain states and qualities of feeling that Truth becomes revealed.

After going through this process of analysis that I have just given, I devoted my attention to my feeling processes, and soon after I began to hear the plants and rocks sing, and it started my own being singing also. Never waste much time with your guessing machine until you are feeling well and have gotten into that spiritual sound-sphere, for your time will be wasted and you will suffer with arrogance and conceit for a long time, as I did.

Well! well! well! I am getting mixed up again. You will not forget the thread of my story. That pyramidal Crystal was on the white silk curtain on the end of the trunk. I was sitting in the chair. A spell was wrought over me and I was standing ready to climb that Crystal glacier with the stone battle-axe in my hands. My head would not have been clear enough to have known only my condition; just then, one of those flames creeping up around the base of the Crystal, burned my leg a little. I was thinking and thirsting—growing more conscious all the time. The atoms of my body were becoming luminous. Those flames, near at hand, seemed to set the whole atmosphere on edge, for some distance, and I was included.

Let me tell you something. Most persons are obtuse—that is the word! Their skin is thick—that is the only way I can express it. Everything has an essence. I know it! Everyone must know it before they can guess the Truth. Fire has an essence, and my whole being at that time was enveloped in that fire-essence, and new life and energy were flowing in.

Just then it occurred to me to make an attempt with that battle-axe. There was nothing but rock and earth beneath me and the Crystal glacier in front and above me. I struck a blow at the glacier but made no indent on its surface. I let the axe sink down to my side and waited.

All of a sudden I heard the squeaky voice of the moon-eyed Oriental. It seemed as if I could see him, with others, on the porch of a temple on the other side of the mountain at the foot of that Crystal glacier. The sound-waves of his voice seemed to inspire me.

"Well" said I to myself, "I must ascend to the top of this Crystal glacier. There lie my hopes."

Just then the thought occurred to me how much others would have enjoyed the beauty of that scene which I was then contemplating. I had earth, air, fire and water about me, but no human soul with me to enjoy what I enjoyed. A thought, a feeling of isolation crept over me. If I had not had that feeling the thought would have done no good. I then and there determined that if I ever got to the top of that Crystal glacier and became a Hierophant, I would publish the fact and disclose the Path. Then I could have some of my own people members in that mystic order, instead of all except myself being moon-eyed Orientals. This, so it seemed, this was the first unselfish feeling and thought which I had had. The effect was inconceivable, for immediately afterward a very exalted state came upon me. Upon looking down I saw that the rocks and dirt at my feet had turned to Crystal and that the stone battle-axe, and even my body, had become transparent. I was impressed to wield that battle-axe again and was surprised to find it made an indenture in the smooth surface of that Crystal ice-plane. The fissure thus made was just large enough for my foot. Slowly, step by step, I began to advance up the steep incline.

That was a wonderful implement that little red imp had given me. Every time I poised it to strike, a sheet of red flame shot out from its edge. As it came in contact with the Crystal, rays of sparks went forth and I could see them leading way down amongst the many individuals that inhabit the red star upon which we now exist. The farther they went the more condensed they seemed to become, and they would touch the forms of those persons and produce sensations. Later, those sensations became active thoughts emanating from their minds. No ray thus sent forth from that

Crystal surface was lost. Every time I struck and the red flame shot forth, some one was benefited, and the greatest marvel was that the more I used the axe the stronger I grew, and the easier it was to progress.

I also perceived that when I followed the red ray I could see any distance. It seemed to make every substance open throughout to our vision. No other rays appeared to have so much energy. I remember now that some of the modern scientists have discovered that the red ray is the first ray of vision, and that it is usual to give the child a red ball for its first toy. Scientists have spent thousands of years feeling and analyzing rock-substance; they are now beginning to analyze thought-substance, and are getting a little wise in the knowledge of brain building. Hierophants did this thousands of years ago.

At this stage of my ascent up the glacier, I saw at times all colors, but red and white were the predominating ones. The white had always fascinated me since I was a child. I tried to reason out why I should be attracted toward white so continually. White, I had been told, was not a color. At the same time it was all about me. I have noticed that when persons mean to express joy and complete happiness they decorate in white and make music of some kind. In this incarnation I find it the same. So I perceived that white meant harmony and musical rhythm,* and that they had helped open the door to my inner being by keeping me in touch with the higher spiritual region.

THE CRYSTAL VEIL.

Behind this veil lies the majesty of Being. The Crystal ray alone invokes the presence of the Divine, consciously, within that which is Us. Whether in rock or stream, the white lily or crimson rose, God reveals Himself within the halo of the soul's pure thirst only. Ever seeking the pure. Being becomes organized in the pure. The Vision of Love occurs when we touch the sacred essence of the Elements, which, through their purity, reveal the full power, glory and emanation, which is the presence of the Beloved. Within the Crystal Veil the mind beautiful and the form beautiful exist in the world beautiful. Therefore, live ye in the law.

CHARLES D. SHERMAN.

* Harmony is unity and wholeness. White is the whole, the unity of which the several colors are fractional parts.—Ed.

A PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE.

BY W. HUBBARD.

In psychic phenomena it is the unexpected occurrence of a new condition or a new manifestation that arrests the attention, awakens new interest and gives additional character and value to the transaction.

Along accustomed lines, or lines of the expected, however valuable the results obtained may be, they are taken as a matter of course and regarded as the natural outcome of the known elements and agencies in the case. The proceedings and the results are liable to pass unheeded; or with more or less indifference in regard to their worth.

But, when actions of the known elements appear along new and strange lines, or new elements, with new and peculiar manifestations, come unbidden into the transaction, and of such a character and in such relationship as to put them outside the pale of coincidences, and banish them from the realm of accidentals, and in a striking manner demonstrate the new actions and new manifestations to be an integral part, necessary factors of an intelligent combination and arrangement; then they are at once clothed with a new and absorbing interest that stimulates inquiry and arouses a spirit of investigation. Thus a new and inviting field for psychical research is opened; a wider scope is given to the mental and spiritual activities; unknown powers and capabilities of the soul are discovered. This domain of thought, investigation and development is eulogized and a step forward added to the progress of human advancement and growth.

It is believed that the transaction and results narrated below, though occurring in the humble walks of life, with no thought of publicity, together with the circumstances and conditions incident thereto, afford a fair illustration of the value and significance of the unexpected.

In order that this may be duly appreciated it will be necessary to deal to a considerable extent with the details of the affair.

The distance from Los Angeles, California, to Dresden, Germany, is not far from six thousand miles, and the difference in the time between the two places is about six hours. From fifteen to

twenty days are required for the transmission of a letter from one city to the other.

Mrs. A., residing in Los Angeles, is a psychometrist in a quiet way and delineates mental characteristics and conditions by holding a specimen of the handwriting of the person; a lady past middle age and in no sense a professional, her gift or faculty being only exercised occasionally at the solicitation of a very few friends; and is not known as a psychic in the community in which she resides.

Mrs. W., residing in Dresden, is an acquaintance of Mrs. A. of many years standing, and has had proof of this peculiar gift of Mrs. A. Miss M. is a young lady in Dresden, an acquaintance and friend of Mrs. W., but entirely unacquainted with Mrs. A., but may have heard her name mentioned by Mrs. W.

On May 28, 1896, Miss M. wrote a note to Mrs. W., in Dresden, about some sewing machine work and signed her given name. Mrs. W., desiring a psychometric reading of the characteristics of her young friend, Miss M., sent the note in a letter to a friend in Los Angeles, with a request that the note be put into the hand of Mrs. A. for a reading. This Mrs. W. did without the knowledge or consent of Miss M., thinking to surprise her with the reading when she should receive it.

On June 17, 1896, the friend received the letter from Mrs. W. containing the note, and on the following day, June 18, in the parlor at the home of Mrs. A., at 9. A. M., the friend handed the note to that lady, who, without looking at the note or the writing, and without a word of inquiry, placed the note between her hands and commenced delineating the characteristics of Miss M., giving her sex and other facts. She had not proceeded far when she was interrupted by a call. Handing the note to the friend, who was recording the reading, she left the parlor and was gone about half an hour, when she returned again, took the note and resumed the delineation, the whole time occupied in the transaction being something over an hour. The reading was of the ordinary character of the mental, social and spiritual conditions, which it is not necessary to detail, with perhaps this exception: Mrs. A. does not give occupations or physical conditions. She only points out possibilities, but in this case she made a departure, and when the reading was seemingly closed, she paused, and then slowly added: "I have said this person was intent on one purpose in life. I see now it is music. She

is a singer, or is studying singing with a view to making it a profession. She may be a pianist, and probably is; yes, she is, but at present the instrumental is subordinate to the vocal." Then, after a pause, she added: "This person is suffering. She has an affection of the throat or some difficulty that is troubling her. It is more the sense of a hurt than of soreness. She needs to be careful."

Now the scene changes to Dresden on that self-same day, June 18, 1896, at about 3. P. M., the corresponding hour of 9. A. M. at Los Angeles. Miss M. was in her room. What transpired there appears by the following incident: On that day, June 18, Miss M. went to her singing lesson at 4:30 P. M. On her return she called on her friend, Mrs. W., in a state of unusual excitement. On inquiring the cause of the disturbance, she said: "Oh, Mrs. W., I have had such a strange experience this afternoon. It has so affected me that I could hardly get through with my lesson! I was in my room about 3 o'clock, when Mrs. A., of Los Angeles, came in. She stayed a little while and then went away, and after a while came back and was with me a long time. Oh! I know it was she! She was so close to me that I could feel her! And, Mrs. W. (in a whisper, of awe), she examined my throat and said I must be careful! Oh! what does it mean?"

Mrs. W. was both surprised and astonished, and for the moment forgetting that the young lady was not cognizant of the sending of the note to Mrs. A., said: "Why! maybe Mrs. A. was holding your writing at the time!" "There!" exclaimed the girl, excitedly. "Then you did send my note to Mrs. A. Oh! I know now it was true! A day or two after I sent the note to you, in the morning, a voice said to me: 'Mrs. W. has sent your note to Mrs. A.' I said nothing to you for fear you would laugh at me!"

On the same evening Mrs. W. wrote to her friend in Los Angeles asking: "What was Mrs. A. doing on June 18?" And then added: "Some singular circumstances occurred here that day which I will explain when I hear from you."

On June 19 the friend dispatched a letter to Mrs. W. enclosing the character reading of Miss M., and giving the date of the reading. This letter she received July 10. Mrs. W.'s letter of June 18 to her friend was received July 9. A letter from Mrs. W., dated July 11, and received by her July 29, gives the account of the occurrences in Dresden on June 18, and also fully confirms the truth

of the two statements at the close of the delineation in regard to the singing as a profession, and of the throat difficulty. The facts and occurrences herein set forth are veritable realities and can be fully substantiated by the most ample proof.

All this is submitted without comment or any expression of opinion, leaving to the metaphysicians and the curious in such matters to make the proper deductions, formulate the conclusions, speculate as to causes and relationship and declare the law which governs the phenomena in this and similar cases.

W. HUBBARD.

TIME, SPACE AND LAW.

BY MABEL GIFFORD.

Inventions are something more than inventions—they are revelations.

The children of men have an idea that natural law needs time in which to operate. Inventions tell us that there is no such thing as time except in man's mind. Begin anywhere in the history of invention and follow up to the present time and prove this fact for yourself. So long as man determines that a certain amount of time is necessary to accomplish any work, so long it takes him that amount of time to do it. The moment that he conceives the idea that he can do it a little quicker he begins to do it quicker; the moment that he conceives the idea that he can lessen the amount of time by doing it in a different way, he begins to discover a different way; the moment that he conceives the idea that he can make something to enable him to do this work in still less time, he begins to discover or invent that something. This annihilation of time or control of time has gone on ever since man's mind has been set in this direction, and is going on at the present day more actively than ever before.

When man observes something done in a shorter time than is usual, and cannot see how it is done, he calls it a "miracle." He supposes that it has been accomplished contrary to the law of the universe, while the fact is that it is impossible for anything to take place contrary to law. As soon as man has discovered how this so-

called miracle takes place it is no longer a miracle. In a certain rate of light vibrations the eye sees; below or above or beyond that rate the eye cannot see. It is not that there is nothing more to be seen, as man once ignorantly supposed, but the eye is not strong enough to receive light vibrations that make other things visible. We strengthen the sight by gradually accustoming our minds to the idea of increasing sight. If we think we must invent material aids we invent them, if we believe we can develop our senses through the mind without material aids we do it. So it is with all our senses. Methods of carrying sound have been developed faster than methods of carrying sight, because man has had more use for sound. Man needs no more time than he thinks he needs; and he gets rid of it as fast as his thought and effort develop new conditions. Effort is necessary because the mind is not able to jump from one condition to another, but must be carried along gradually, and this is what effort does. The effort is not actually necessary, but it is practically necessary, because the man's mind cannot unfold it without it. It takes no time for a tree to grow, but it takes time for man's mind to conceive the idea of growth. His mind can comprehend only a gradual growth, consequently his sight is strong enough for only a gradual appearance.

What we call "creation" is in reality but the making visible to man that which already exists, by clothing it with such vibrations of life substance as his senses are able to apprehend. By the tiny seed sinking into the earth, sprouting and growing, the mind of man is carried along to the realization of the tree. The real tree stands before him; he cannot see it, but as the little seed, impelled by the life force of the real tree within and without it, expands its crumb of earth substance, which is the only rate of vibration the earth man can sense, man's mind follows it; the real tree gathers more and more earth substance from earth and air, and this work goes on until something of the resemblance of the real tree stands before man's eyes. The earth substance is gradually gathered and distributed throughout the real tree until it becomes visible as a tree just as the real man gathers and distributes the earth material within and without his real body until the earth body makes it visible.

You can see by thinking of what has already been accomplished that it does not take time to see a tree or a man, or to interweave them with earth substance, but that it takes time to enable man's

mind to apprehend them. We all know instances which have taken place from time immemorial, when unusual influences have suddenly strengthened a man's mind so that he sees things usually invisible, or hears sounds usually beyond hearing. It is these unusual experiences that have awakened man's mind to the fact of higher planes of existence beyond the plane in which he consciously lives. To some minds the appearance of a friend, after the death of the material body, suggests that a finer body with greater power is the real body, and that the earth body was but a covering. But as this appearance is transitory, some minds conclude that this finer body also dissolves soon after the earthy body, while the fact is that it becomes invisible because man's mind is not able to see permanently in that rate of vibration. Bodies of animals have not been seen as frequently as bodies of human beings, only because man's mind did not reach that idea as soon. And bodies of trees or plants still less for like reason. We are speaking now of individual animals and plants; scenery with plants and animals are almost as frequent in appearance as human beings, because the thought of another world is associated in man's mind with the appearance of his body. All these appearances tell us that it does not require time for anything to take form in this earth plane, but it takes conditions.

It is the same with space as with time; the annihilation of one is the annihilation of the other. Now the law of life is growth's unfoldment; development; up-buildment; progress. We do not wish to annihilate space and time in the twinkling of an eye; we love to watch the unfoldment. Gradual growth is the way we gain our individuality. The earth plane is the beginning place. It is not desirable that we grow by leaps and bounds, but it is desirable that we keep growing; it is most desirable that we grow in orderly ways; order is harmony. If we could leap into the realization of the higher plane of existence as soon as we came into this world, we should go out as soon as we came in; there would be no use for this beginning place, and we could never develop conscious individuality. We should simply find ourselves in certain conditions without knowing how we came.

There are many physical causes that send human beings out of this plane in a hurry by violent, disordered vibration; there are as many mental causes which originated the physical, and there are equally as many super-mental or "spiritual" causes which originated

the mental. By peculiar combinations of circumstances some of us are affected by one class of vibrations and some by another. .

The long-lived, the longest lived are the balanced lives ; the equal development of physical, mental and spiritual. In the balanced life each higher plane of being controls the lower ; in the disorderly life each lower controls the higher. In some cases this disorder comes from abnormal development of mind or spirituality, where the mind or emotions are dwelt in to the neglect of the body ; then the body suffers. The man doctors his body, but without avail. The doctor tells him it will take time, but it is not time he needs, but conditions. He does not need time to get cured, but he needs time to grow wiser and change his method of life. Nature does not need the time, but he does. The higher cannot control the lower if it is directed away from the lower constantly. The law of life is from the higher to the lower, and from the lower to the higher. We see here the beginnings of the return to the higher. The descent of the higher to the lower has been, except on rare occasions, invisible to us. On this account man has imagined that the beginning of the ascent of the lower to the higher was the beginning of creation. It is this fact that has balked "materialists" in their search for the origin of life. They always bring up against the wall of the invisible.

But while these have been digging into the earth, others have been finding that life is one, while its manifestations are many. Others have been delving into the mysteries of mind and discovered the same life and the same law at work there, and that the visible is but the reflection of the mind world. And the soul-seekers find that mind is the reflection of the soul. Imperfect reflections all ; not because time is needed to reveal the real in its wholeness, its perfection, but because man needs time to evolve a consciousness of the real, and space in which to objectify himself, and look at himself, become acquainted with himself, study himself, experiment and speculate with himself, not knowing it is himself. But at last the truth dawns ; life is one, the universe, the world and man are one, creation is, and evolution is an ever becoming visible of that which is.

When man is able to see clearly the law and the working of the law, the riddle of life is unraveled for him, and he sees that what he has called truths are but parts of the whole. And as in a puzzle all the parts may be fitly joined together when placed in right relations, so truth will be found to be one when the perverted truths are

reversed and the misplaced truths find their proper locations and positions.

We are all subject to the law until we find truth; then the law is subject to us. We are not bound by time or space or conditions, but all serve us. All of which means that we have learned to co-operate with law, to live in harmony with it, to utilize it instead of being helplessly controlled by it. Now we are "the servants of sin"—ignorance—then we shall be "as gods, knowing good and evil." Now we know the appearances of good and evil; then we shall know that all is good, and "evil," so-called, but undeveloped or perverted good. And to be exact, not actually perverted good, for good cannot be perverted, but perverted in its manifestations. "Said I not, ye are gods?" We have imagined that we were worms of the dust, to be crushed by conditions and circumstances, until now. The mistake in Eden was in listening to the deceiver—our own conceit—who made us wise in the *appearances* of good and evil, instead of listening to God, who makes us wise in reality, which is good. It was a necessary step in evolution; we must all take it. Happy for us if we turn from the outward appearance to the inner guidance and learn the right interpretation of visible existence.

The measure of a man is the measure of the angel—the real man, and the measure of his life is the four-square city; the length and the breadth and the height of which are equal. And no sound of the hammer is ever heard upon it; it does not ascend from earth, but descends from heaven. And there is no night there; no tears; neither time nor space except that which the mind wills and the heart desires.

Happy are we if we know these things; blessed are we if we heed them.

MABEL GIFFORD.

DENIAL.

Within my fair abode,
Where sunshine streamed unhindered, and the breath
Of roses sweetened all the airy halls,

An alcove closet stood,
A stranger to the light and air, for close
The door was ever shut,—a mystery

To all but me, who knew
That pressed within and crowding all the space
Were mould'ring bones—a ghastly skeleton.

Sometimes a rattling sound
Would issue thence; sometimes the door would strain
As if a ghostly power would force it out;

And then with quaking heart
But smiling face I'd speak of gambols strange
The winds played often in that rambling house.

But after years of this
Deceit, which made me weary of myself,
I cried, "It shall no longer be. There is

No secret hid away.
All men may look!" And open wide I flung
The door. No skeleton was there; and clean
And white the walls appeared.

One day I stood alone
By Sorrow's ocean. Dark'ning all around
Were mists and fogs; the gray sky held no sun;

The sea-gulls shrieked in pain;
The surges beat in restless misery.
And one dark billow, huger than the rest,

Its crest unto the clouds,
Came rolling swiftly in to where I stood,
And filled me with a sudden, nameless dread.

For one long moment, fear
Possessed my heart ; then, bursting from that mood,
I cried, "No overwhelming wave can be,
Since I am held secure
By powers far mightier than the senseless foam."
And then a wave broke lightly at my feet
Into a cloud of spray ;
And, gently swelling on a shimmering sea,
The waters smiled unto a sun serene
In blue depths overhead.

After a weary time
Of struggling in close combat with a foe
Who oftentimes beset me on the plain,
I found myself, one day,
Thrown down by his great prowess, and in vain
My efforts all to rise, for on my breast
His knee was planted firm,
While at my throat he clutched with sinewy hand,
A haughty triumph gleaming in his eye.
Despairingly I thought,
" 'Tis plain that I am conquered. I must yield."
Then, from a million miles away (it seemed),
Came through my hazy brain
The thought of God, my strength. And up I sprang,
"God made me for a conqueror, not a slave!"
With one good sabre stroke
I took my foeman's life, and through my veins
I felt the vigor coursing which he lost.
In doubled might I stood.
And so, denied by me forevermore,
I trust, are Shame and Sorrow and Defeat.

RUTH BELL.

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

DECLINE OF THE PROTESTANT MINISTRY.

The first colleges that were established in New England, Harvard and Yale, were for the purpose of educating young men for the Christian ministry. Indeed, every young man who studied the classics and became a student in college, was looked upon as destined for the pulpit. The other professions were regarded as of a subordinate character, for which extreme erudition was not required. To have a minister in the family was considered a special distinction. In other parts of the country a primitive state of things existed.

Several of the men who figured in the American Revolution had received collegiate instruction with that end in view. Notable among them were John Adams and Aaron Burr. Nothing but a questioning of the creed to which they were to be required to subscribe, determined them to give up theology for the law. Something of the same nature appears to be now in operation. It is a significant fact at the present time that there is an increasing unwillingness on the part of educated young men to become clergymen.

There has a vast change of sentiment taken place in relation to the whole subject. A father having a son desirous to study theology would be apt to regard his choice as unfortunate, and probably would endeavor to discourage the notion. Yet this does not seem to be from a declension of religious conviction and sentiment. There is evidently more interest taken in religious matters than formerly; and indeed, the laity often rival the teachers in the attention which they bestow. What was once a simple matter for select occasions, as on Sabbath days, is now more familiar on common occasions. To consider business as business and religion as religion, neither obtruding on the domain of the other, is not respected. Religion is hardly a thing set apart solely for exercises on Sundays and daily family prayers, incontinently hurried through, but more of an everyday matter to be lived rather than talked about. The Bible

is less read, and very few are able to quote it correctly, but its moral precepts are observed as faithfully as they ever have been. We have fewer of the old-fashioned "conversions," but a stricter attending to the real duties of life in a common-sense way.

But our civilization has become exacting and expensive. It requires every individual to maintain his social position in a way which obliges him to be possessed of wealth adequate to keep up appearances. Perhaps this requirement is imperative upon none of the people, so rightly as upon those who minister in the pulpit. In former times, it was usual to instal a minister over a congregation at a fixed salary, and he generally remained for life. He was actually the pastor, the counselor, the friend of every family. As he grew old his experience made his services more valuable. All this is now changed. Except in populous places where congregations are wealthy and liberal, the salaries are not large enough to enable the clergyman to dress and go about in a style as genteel as the average parishioner. A clergyman receiving his thousands may do it, but the many must eke out a living with meager hundreds often scrimped in payment. Instead of a settlement for life they are compelled to shift their field of labor every few years at the caprice of their employers.

In savage countries, the younger members quietly kill the older ones when they cease to be valuable as warriors or producers. In modern society, it is more common to crowd them out of all useful and remunerative employment, leaving them to shift as they may, and bear with conditions as they best are able. On none, perhaps, does this bear with heavier hand than on the clergyman. Hardly does he begin to have gray hairs before he is considered supernumerary, and the movement is started to procure some younger man. He has been virtually "driven from pillar to post," and so rendered unable to do more than live within the pittance meted out to him. In the old age which may be before him are anxieties and privations which few would care to encounter.

Hence few clergymen desire their sons to adopt a calling with such probabilities; and intelligent parents have a like feeling. An ambitious young man will hesitate at choosing a life of voluntary privation so likely to be attended by thankless labor and want of appreciation. Only a strong conviction of duty, or a sense of hopeless mediocrity will bring him into that field.

Daniel Webster once told a young man that the profession of law

is like a house—having abundance of room in the upper story. It is so in the ministry. But the portal thither is indeed a strait gate, and few there be that find it. For the greater number, there is at best only a meager livelihood during the prime of life, to be followed by a destitute old age, or a mode of living on charity without employment.

It is not impossible that the waning of the old belief in endless misery has had an influence to bring about this state of things. People are less earnest to attend and support the churches, and there is indifference in regard to technical creeds. There is more need to inculcate the duty of man to his labor, while the establishing of set formulas of belief are dehumanizing and of little worth.

MITHRAISM THE FORMER RIVAL OF CHRISTIANITY.

Professor Franz Cumont, of the University of Ghent, has published an interesting work entitled "The Mysteries of Mithra." In the earlier centuries of the present era, Mithraism disputed supremacy with Christianity. It was already the religion of the Persian dominion beyond the Euphrates, and now it invaded the Roman Empire. "At the beginning of our era," says Professor Cumont, "we see this religion suddenly emerging from the darkness and pressing forward rapidly and simultaneously into the valleys of the Danube and Rhine, and even into the heart of Italy."

When it came in contact with Christianity, the two adversaries discovered with amazement the similarities which united them, and each accused the other of having plagiarized their religious rites. The conflict was a ferocious and implacable duel, for the stake was the dominion of the world.

"The adepts of both formed secret conventicles, closely united, the members of which gave themselves the title of 'Brothers.' The rites which they practised offered numerous analogies. The sectaries of the Persian god, like the Christians, purified themselves by baptism; received, by a species of confirmation, the power necessary to combat the spirits of evil, and expected from the Lord's Supper salvation of body and soul. Like the latter they held Sunday sacred, and celebrated the birth of the sun on the 25th of December, the same day on which Christmas has been celebrated since the fourth century, at least. They both preached a categorical system of ethics, regarded asceticism as meritorious, and counted among their principal virtues abstinence and continence, renunciation and self-control.

Their conceptions of the world and of the destiny of man were similar. They both admitted the existence of a heaven inhabited by beatified ones, situate in the upper regions, and of a hell peopled by demons, situate in the bowels of the earth. They both placed a Flood at the beginning of history; they both assigned as the source of their traditions a primitive revelation; they both, finally, believed in the immortality of the soul, in a last judgment, and in a resurrection of the dead, consequent upon a final conflagration of the universe."

In the third century Mithraism was at its height in the Roman world. Cesarism was in danger of being transformed into a Khalifate. The courts of Diocletian, the Roman Emperor, and Chosroes, the Persian monarch, exhibited a resemblance close to actual identity. "It was the worship of the sun and in particular the Mazdean theories that disseminated the ideas upon which the deified sovereigns of the West endeavored to rear their monarchical absolutism. The rapid spread of Persian Mysteries among all classes of the population served admirably the political ambitions of the Emperors."

After this the influence of Mithraism began to wane. The barbarians who now invaded the Roman territory sacked the temples. Christianity, now gaining the upper hand, addressed itself to the task of extirpating the rival doctrine. The Imperial Government legislated against it, and it passed from public view, finally disappearing even from the East. Immediately upon its suppression, the sect of Manicheism succeeded to its influence, and spread all over the Empire. "Thus renewed, the Mithraic doctrines were destined to withstand for centuries all persecutions, and to rise again in a new form in the Middle Ages, to shake once more the ancient Roman world."

THE UNIVERSAL BUT UNKNOWN ELEMENT.

The teachers both of ancient and modern science have acknowledged the existence of an element, which no manipulation has yet revealed to an actual observation. The ether, as it is called (the *ait aër*, or luminant air), is understood to be all-pervading, highly elastic, and transmitting vibrations of light and sound. It passes through every envelope, and has generally been considered as incapable of being weighed or otherwise measured. Indeed, its existence has been considered as hypothetical, notwithstanding the modern

dogma that scientific deductions must be made without beginning with hypothesis. Yet without it, the problems of existence appear to be without foundation. Ether has therefore been assumed to exist, and it has been explained as a medium universal in space, rare beyond the power of imagination, and possessed of properties beyond the scope of scientific knowledge to define.

A new advocate of the materialistic theory has appeared in the person of the Russian chemist, Professor Mendeléef. According to his suggestions, ether is a gas which is incapable of chemical combination. He does not admit that it is without weight, but only that we have no means for weighing it. He places it at the top of the "zero group," the group of elements that are lighter than hydrogen—helium, neon, krypton, xenon.

He accordingly does not accept the recent proposition that atoms are in reality complex bodies and compound. He looks upon the emanation of radium as a stream of ether which had accumulated in the substance of the heavier body, having been attracted thither. On the same principle, he remarks, that the luminance of the sun may be due to its great mass being able to accumulate ether in large proportions. He disputes the dividing of atoms into electrons, and declares his purpose to do so till some one shall demonstrate the actual transformation of ordinary matter into ether or the reverse, or else the transformation of one element into another.

Aladdin's magician's proposal to exchange old lamps for new would find no favor.

KEPPLER AN ASTROLOGIST.

The works of Johran Keppler are still recognized as scientific. His "Laws" are the foundation of Celestial Geometry, and while subjected during his lifetime to crushing poverty and indignant persecution, he was honored by men like Tycho Brahe, Giordano, Bruno and other scholars. Though educated for the Church, he stumbled over the legend of the omnipresence of Christ's body, and was rejected for orders. It was, however, known he had already entered a higher and holier priesthood. "He was an august and oracular soul, one of those called Mystics and Transcendentalists, perhaps the greatest genius for analogy that ever lived; he had a truly epic life, a hero and helper of men, a divine martyr of humanity."

The endeavor has been made to show that Kepler only practiced astrology for a livelihood, but actually did not believe in the science. At the invitation of Tycho Brahe, then Astronomer Royal to Rudolph II., the Emperor of Germany, he afterward succeeded him in that office, at a nominal salary so poorly paid that he was compelled to earn his living by his profession. He afterward accepted a professorship in the University of Linz, but left it to become astrologer to the celebrated Wallenstein. Like all genuine Pythagoreans, he studied the relations between number, geometry and celestial measurements. At that period astrology was taught in the universities, and its scientific merits were generally recognized. This much is true of Kepler, that he declared himself unable as an astrologer to do more for his patrons than to give a general sketch of character and tendencies. He held the passion for horoscopes in low esteem; but he was a firm believer in stellar influences on human careers.

Laplace once affirmed that no great discovery was ever made without a great guess; and Plato, before him, had discoursed of sacred apprehensions of truth, that came as dawns in the mind, "sublime premonitions of beautiful gates of laws." Kepler was a genius of that character. Like Swedenborg, after him, he regarded analogy as the vital principle of science, and he made it his instrument of power. He antedated Galileo in the declaration that the sun revolved on its axis, and he reasoned out that there must be a planet between Mars and Jupiter. More than twenty years he spent in studying "the Pythagorean Harmonies," when, on the 8th of March, 1618, the truth burst upon him, as a revelation from above. On the 8th of May he ascertained the "Law;" that the ratio of the periodic times of any two planets was constantly and invariably the same with the ratio of the cubes of their mean distances from the sun. In his rapture he wrote:

"It is now eighteen months since I got the first glimpse of light; three months since the dawn; a very few days since an unveiled sun, now admirable to gaze upon, burst out upon me. Nothing holds me; I will indulge my sacred fury; I will triumph over mankind by the honest confession that I have stolen the golden vases of the Egyptians to build up a tabernacle for my God far away from the confines of Egypt. If you forgive me I rejoice; if you are angry, I can bear it. The die is cast; the book is written, to be read either now or by posterity, I care not which. It may well wait a century

for a reader, as God has waited so many thousands of years for an observer!"

Believing that the processes of the mind reflect the processes of the visible kosmos, Keppler, like other seers and sages, recognized the statement of the first chapter of Genesis as true, that the stars had been set up in the firmament of heaven "for signs."

MR. CARNEGIE'S STANDARD.

What a man was by birth used to be the ruling consideration, and is so in some countries yet, but constantly growing less important. Wherever the English tongue is spoken it is rapidly vanishing. It was displaced by another test—*what a man owned*. The millionaire was ennobled; for the rule of those who stood upon birth, the first test has always been that enormous wealth should be drawn into their ranks. This alliance of birth and wealth is being displaced in our day by *what a man knows*—a fit successor in the march of progress, and an infinitely higher and juster standard than either birth, rank or wealth. It is not, however, what a man knows that is to be the final step. In the future, the question is neither to be, how a man was born, how great his wealth, nor even what he knows—but how he serves his fellow-men. Here is the true, the final aristocracy which never can be displaced. Not what he does for himself, but what he does for others, will be the standard by which man is judged. Wherein has he sacrificed himself; wherein has he benefited others; what good has he planted for posterity; what trees bearing the golden fruit do we owe to his planting and care; and the cause of the widow and fatherless, wherein has he searched it out?

PHYSICIANS AND PHYSICIANS.

There are hundreds of physicians who practice medicine to-day who practically never give any medicine, and the reason that they do not is because they find it impossible to know on which side of Nature it will act. But there are men in the profession who arrogate to themselves the knowledge requisite to treat a patient in safety, and will give any amount of poison—arsenic, strychnine, corrosive sublimate, sedatives, etc., and feel sure that they will coincide with the powers of Nature and benefit the patient. And remember, it is not only necessary that they know it beyond every possibility of a doubt, and surely to know so positively, the physician must be one of ex-

traordinary powers, must have knowledge that not one man in a hundred thousand possesses. But each physician is sure, perfectly sure, that he is that particular one, of that gigantic nature and deeply penetrating knowledge, and they go ahead with impunity.

Of course, this pretension of great knowledge and penetrating sagacity is all a bluff. Not only do physicians not have these discriminating powers, but no one else has them, and the consequence must be that the giving of medicines in doses as directed in the pharmacopœia is absolutely dangerous, and should not by any means be administered to the sick.—*S. B. Horton, M. D.*

SWEDENBORG.

Among scientific men the greatest obstacle in this present day is the excessive pursuit of specialties. Specialists suffer from the *inconvenient*, that from the profusion of trees they are unable to see the forest. A Theosophist, finding his own method in Swedenborg, claims Swedenborg as an adept. The Mystic who sees deep and hidden things in Swedenborg claims him as an eminent Mystic. The Spiritist who finds Swedenborg teaching the existence of spirits claims him as a Spiritist. The philosopher who finds Swedenborg teaching most clearly the laws of thought claims Swedenborg as a philosopher. The scientist who admires Swedenborg's accurate methods, his acute insight, and his wondrous grasp, claims him as a scientist. The dogmatist and religious teacher who finds the clear and simple deductions of doctrine from The Word, the deep insight into human nature, moral and ethical beauties, as well as defects, exhibited in Swedenborg's writings, claims him as the most advanced religious teacher. * * * The truth is: Swedenborg is immeasurably more than any isolated "ism," and abundantly more than all the "isms" which claim him tumbled together.

—*Jacob E. Werren.*

THE CHURCH AND THEATER ONE.

Dr. Mantzius, in his "History of Theatrical Art," reminds us of the fact which every historic scholar knows: that during the Middle Ages "liturgic drama" was presented all over Europe in Latin, by priests, who distributed the parts among themselves. "From the earliest times," says he, "the mass of the Roman Church has borne a distinctly dramatic character. The beautifully decorated sanctu-

ary, with the altar in the center, separated from the choir by a rail, resembles a stage on which the priest, robed in his chasuble, the deacon and choristers with censers, seen to act before the silent audience of the congregation. The perfect symbolism, carried out in every detail, which in former times was more generally understood than it is now, not only appertained to the building and the ornaments of the church, but to every item of church service; it was like a sublime spectacle in which every part represented something different from that it was."

These church-dramas or "miracle plays" represented various Bible characters and scenes, as well as matters akin to them. The play of "Parsifal" is little else than an example of them. When, however, the speech of the people was adopted in place of Latin, the priestly influence weakened sensibly, and acting became also a vocation of laymen. Much of the impiety and immorality imputed to the more modern stage is to be accredited not to actual pernicious influence exerted, but to professional ribaldry. The actor has invaded the province of the priest.

As it is in Christendom, so it was in the former time. The ancient theater was a temple, with its altar, decorations, religious dramas, etc. At Athens it was a sanctuary of Dionysius; at Eleusis of Demeter; at Pergamos, of Aesculapius.

The term "hypocrite" originally signified an actor. When Jesus employed the term in his denunciations, he implied that the Pharisees or minor performers at the synagogues were only men representing a character, but not living it genuinely.

IMPORTANT EGYPTIAN DATES.

Much as is written and conjectured of the mythology of Ancient Egypt, one fact is certain, that it owes its existence to an amalgamating of religions.

At Philæ is an inscription bearing date in the time of the Antonines. It pertains to the divinity I-em-hept, or Im-hept, the Emeph of Iamblichos. Dr. Young rendered the name of Aesculapius, who is Imuthis the son of Vulcan. The hieroglyphic inscriptions describe this divinity as the son of Ptah.

"We can now point out by the testimony of the monuments, in the historic period of the Second Empire of the Pharaohs, one of the greatest and most decisive revolutions in the sacerdotal religion and

mythology." The Myth of Osiris and Typhon, heretofore universally conceded as primeval, can now be authentically proved to be of modern date in Egypt—that is to say—about the 13th or 14th century, B. C.

Down to the time of Rameses, Typhon was one of the most venerated and powerful gods, pouring blessings and life upon the Kings of Egypt.

The 21st Dynasty was a change of the nature of revolution.

FLOWERS IN THE ARCTIC ZONE.

Doctor Schei, the geologist, affirmed in a lecture that he found vegetable life as far north as 78°—less than eight hundred and fifty miles from the North Pole. He described "Bird's Mountains" as covered with flowers in summer, a veritable botanic garden. Remnants of plants were found, of the same species with those of warmer climates. That the polar regions in former periods of the history of the earth, were as the *Avesta* describes, much warmer, is a fact that has been demonstrated long ago beyond a doubt.

SHORT-HAND AN ANCIENT ART.

When Cicero conducted his famous trial of Catalina, the slave, Tiro, his secretary, reported his orations. After this short-hand became common in Roman countries and those who practiced it were called *notarii*. It was taught in the schools and continued in use till the Seventh Century.

ARISTOCRACY RECOGNIZED IN THE BIBLE.

Canon J. C. Todd, of Natal, in South Africa, regards the books of the Old Testament as having been written by aristocrats for aristocrats. The "plain people" do not appear. He declares these views in the *London Expositor* for February. The earliest group of prophets, Hosea, Amos and Micah, he remarks, condemn exclusively the sins of the rich. "Refined sensuality, judicial corruption and land-stealing are impossible vices for the lower classes." "The nobility is the class that counts; the great bulk of the people are not responsible for the coming judgment and yet are powerless to avert it."

The legislation prescribed in the book of Deuteronomy can not be intelligently grasped except we take into account the aristocratic fea-

tures of Judaism. For example the canceling of debts every seven years is unpractical between neighbors and equals, but between patron and client the matter is wholly different. It belongs to that relation. "The Deuteronomic legislation is 'aristocratic' law."

In the Babylonian captivity only a small fraction of the inhabitants were deported. (The last chapter of the Book of Jeremiah enumerates them as only 3,600.) The nobles were deported, and they were the only class that counted. Without them any sort of *national* existence was impossible. The return of the nobility was the signal for the restoration of prophecy.

TWO ESTIMABLE WOMEN.

Frances Power Cobbe, the English philanthropist, passed to the beyond a year or more since, in her 82d year. Hers had been a busy life, as journalist, philanthropist and author. Educated in a rigid path she became liberal, never ceasing to be religious and conscientious. She could see truth and goodness in Buddhists and Pasis. She was an unflinching advocate of woman's suffrage, and hostile to vivisection. Her pen and her influence were actively employed, and she honored every cause which she advocated. Kind of nature, frank in speech, England needs more like her.

Another who was better known to our readers, was Mrs. Abigail Morton Diaz. She, too, was of Puritan lineage, of a family that has not degenerated. In her young girlhood men like Ralph Waldo Emerson, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Horace Mann, were favored visitors at her father's house, and we need not be surprised to learn that she was pupil and teacher at Brook Farm. Her whole career was that of a faithful worker for the best interests of others. Her papers on the "Religious Training of Children," are known to our readers. Four naïve tales in the *Atlantic Monthly* have interested thousands of readers; the four old men's stories, and numerous booklets evince her zeal to better the condition and exalt the thinking of others. Hers was a life of faithful service, without alloy, and she will long be remembered as generous, gracious and good.

THE STONE PILLARS OF UNRECORDED TIME.

What set the stone pillars over the globe? They are unsculptured, large, crude, and often came from great distances to the place where they stand. There in the Stonehenge, the Abury and Roll-

right in England, the Karnak in France and others in Germany, Denmark and Sweden, in North and South America, and others rudely sculptured, in Easter Island. They are found on or near the courses of large rivers, where they must have been brought by water. It has been guessed that the ancient Phœnicians erected them, as they are the oldest known navigators. One pillar in Bolivia has upon it the carved figured of a shoe, also that of a serpent. Both these were Phœnician symbols, one denoting death, the other life.

NEW AND OLD REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION. GARLIC IN GOOD ODOR.

Dr. Minchin, of England, seems to be following in the footsteps of Culpepper, and bringing homespun remedies again into use. He praises garlic for tuberculosis, and for lupus, a form of cancer. "I look upon it," says he, "as a perfectly safe treatment, and also an efficient one in all cases of incipient pulmonary tuberculoses, in nearly all cases of moderately advanced, and in very many very advanced cases. I have had so much success with it that I have come to look upon few cases of consumption as hopeless."

"TOO MUCH OPERATING."

BERLIN, Sunday.

Professor Dr. Ernst Schweninger, leading physician of the great district hospital of Gross Lichterfelde, near Berlin, refers in his annual report to the subject of modern surgery, in a manner which has created a sensation, both in the medical profession and among the public. Professor Schweninger, who is better known to the world as Prince Bismarck's medical adviser, defends himself against the reproach that too few operations are performed in the hospital under his charge. His conviction, he says, is that recourse is had to operations far too frequently nowadays. One disease after another is handed over to operative technique, and the way in which the physician is pushed on one side by the surgical hand-craftsman does not seem to him right. Surgery, which sees nothing and knows nothing outside its own narrowly-staked-out province, forgets too often that other ways also lead to the goal. "Step by step," continues Professor Schweninger, "the physician has had to give way before the more fortunate surgeon, whose success is more quickly evident, and we must to-day quietly look on while frenzy celebrates triumphs where mechanism of the briefest and most generalizing inference takes

possession of superstitious spirits." Among the proofs adduced in support of his point of view, the Professor states, "The functions of the spleen and the office of the appendix are unknown to us. Therefore they are unnecessary organs, and we cut them out when anything is wrong with them." Professor Schwenger also deplores the modern system of specializing in the medical profession. The man, he says, who devotes all his power of work, all his knowledge and capabilities to the treatment of only the eyes, nose, ears, skin, nerves, or other organs, runs a risk of losing feeling, and hence the power to treat human beings. He ceases to be a physician, and becomes a virtuoso. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

But peace and repose can nowhere be found except in life and in eternal life, and the eternal life is the divine life, is God. To become divine then is the aim of life: then only can truth be said to be ours beyond the possibility of loss, because it is no longer outside us, nor even in us, but we are it, and it is we; we ourselves are a truth, a will, a work of God. * * * * * It is the mysticism of Jesus: "I am one with my Father; ye shall be one with me. We will be one with you." —*Henri-Frederic Amiel.*

You can dwarf a soul just as you can dwarf a plant, by depriving it of a full environment. Such a soul for a time may have a "name to live." Its character may betray no sign of atrophy. But its very virtue somehow has the pallor of a flower that has grown in darkness, or as the herb which has never seen the sun, no fragrance breathes from its spirit. —*Henry Drummond.*

APHORISMS FROM HERBERT SPENCER.

Work is for life, not life for work.

Prepossession is nine points of belief.

Finishers of other men's work are much admired.

The genesis of ideas does not always follow the order of logical sequence.

Originally ethics had no existence apart from religion, which held it in solution.

The belief in irrationalities habitually goes with skepticism in originality.

Most men, alike in public affairs and in private business affairs, assume that things are going right until it is proved that they are going wrong; whereas their assumption shall be that things are going wrong until it is proved that they are going right.

A governmental agency, originally formed to discharge a function, is apt to reach a stage at which its self-sustentation becomes the primary thing and the function to be performed by it the secondary thing.

One who denies the unlimited authority of the State is sure to be regarded as a fool or a fanatic. Instead of that "divinity which doth hedge about a King," we have now the divinity which doth hedge about a Parliament. The many-headed government appointed by multitudes of ignorant people, which has replaced the single-headed government supposed to be appointed by Heaven, claims, and is accorded, the same unrestricted powers.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

THE LEGENDS OF GENESIS. By Hermann Gunkel, Professor of Old Testament Theology in the University of Berlin. Translated by William Carruth, Professor of German in the University of Kansas; pp., 164. Chicago, The Open Court Publishing Company.

This work has been brought into notice from the acceptance given to its statements by Professor Cheyne in the *Biblical Cyclopædia*. It assumes, as the title indicates, that the Book of Genesis is a collection of legends akin to the myths which were current among ancient nations. These were brought into form by compilers, classified as Johvist, Elohist and Priestly, and afterward interwrought together, and much of their material afterward eliminated by redaction. Hence it is observable that "the legends stop promptly when they have attained the desired object, not with a gradual cadence, but with a sudden jolt." Professor Gunkel gives the book a faithful examination in regard to its essential features, and his conclusions are well sustained.

We note a few trifling inaccuracies in names, and critical readers will smile at the statement that when Abraham sent his servant to sue for a wife for his son and the maiden is brought home, "meantime the aged master has died," and that when the young man had received the bride, "he was comforted for the death of his father." (See Genesis, xxiv., 67.)

While regarding the book of Genesis as virtually poetry, the professor neglects to mention the analogy of its structure to a Hindu Purán. This is defined as "a poem treating of five subjects: Primary Creation or Creation of Matter in the abstract; Secondary Creation, or the production of subordinate beings, both spiritual and material; Chronological Account of the great periods of Time, called Manwantaras; Genealogical Rise of Families, particularly of those who have reigned in India; and lastly, a History of the Lines of Particular Families."

Professor Gunkel's work will enable students to gain a more rational view of the Scriptures as a whole, and it will be highly appreciated by scholars and intelligent readers. It has already created a sensation in the theological world.

MAN AND THE DIVINE ORDER. Essays on the Philosophy of Religion, and on Constructive Idealism. By Horatio W. Dresser. New York and London, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This book consists of essays written at different periods with little reference to one another. Our attention is called to topics like a New Study of Religion, the Larger Faith, the Spiritual Vision; then we are treated to discourses on the philosophers, Plato, Plotinus and Spinoza, Leibnitz, Emerson and Bishop Berkeley, and

afterward with topics which are engaging the minds of thinkers, such as the Eternal Order, Evolution, Christianity, The Idea of God, Constructive Idealism. That they are handled by one who knows profoundly what he is writing about is apparent on every page. The author is one of "Plato's men," and while emulating Emerson as his best interpreter, considers forcibly such writers as Spinoza, Berkeley, and especially Professor James. He is a contemplator of an Eternal Order, in which life is infinitely more than illusive things grounded in eternity. "If our present life be largely a dream-life," says he, "there must be: (1) a basis for our dreams; (2) a reason for our dreaming; (3) a significance in our dreams; (4) a reality in the self that dreams. All this is obviously related to reality.

Nature is explained as "at best only a part, not the whole, of the ultimate system of things. Any argument based on natural facts, must, then, be reconsidered from the larger point of view." The unity of nature "is not in itself, but in the divine order in which it fulfils an organic ideal."

"The most impressive part in the life of man is the universal appearance and persistence of beliefs in an invisible reality and spiritual order in the fact of that which every day and everywhere seems to show that the material world is the beginning and end of all."

Of those of mystic tendencies the author speaks: "All through the ages those who have claimed to be 'led,' to behold an inner light, have been adversely criticised by the unilluminated. But trivial or not, and however these intuitions may be interpreted, they are still matters of fact in the inner life, they have led to great and noble results, and they are approaches to an experience which is more consequential." Again: "The sublimest visions of the divine order, such as those which have been the basis of a philosophical lifetime, have come unexpectedly and unsought."

Nevertheless, in his constructive idealism, mysticism and its experiences are virtually explained away. The larger life which interests us and the broader human experiences of the spiritual type assimilate it and transcend it. "One of the great practical lessons of our study of divine order is adjustment." "It will be those who most fully put self aside who shall reveal the law, because they possess the love."

Thus the book is philosophic and religious from even a scientific point of view.

THE MARK. By Aquila Kempster. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

For lovers of the occult who would obtain glimpses of the real behind the apparent, this book presents a special interest. "Things

which are seen," the sacred writer declares, "were not made of things which do appear." We have a genuine novel abounding with incidents like those in Bulwer-Lytton's "Strange Story," Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs," Corelli's "Ardath," Macdonald's "David Elginbrod" and Holmes's "Guardian Angel." The story relates to matters in Northern India, where the weird and magical have flourished for uncounted centuries. We have read of Nanda, the Maurya king, who was shown by a magician how to transfer his soul into the body of an animal, enabling the magician in turn to take similar possession of the royal organism, and also of the souls of those who had lived in former periods again born into other bodies. Sivaie legend tells of the re-birth of the divinity and his reunion to his consort who had killed herself for grief in the previous term of life. Upon a similar basis the author has placed the background of this story.

Dr. Allen Meredith, a physician in a hospital in Bombay, is endeavoring to prepare a scientific treatise on the nerve-structures. While so engaged he has glimpses that "there's more than a nerve-system back of us." In fact he is the lineal descendant of the Raj-put prince Rama Lalkura, and has on his breast an hereditary birth-mark in form like a moon, which is recognized by all as a token of his royal descent. In certain of his "dreams" the soul of his famous ancestor takes possession of his body, causing actions and phenomena that perplex his professional friends.

Yah Mahommed has lived from the indefinite past, transferring his soul from one body when it had become unserviceable to the body of some other individual whose spirit was "wandering in the mist of dreams." He has now two ambitions—one to acquire possession of the body of Meredith, as being the *avatar* of Rama Lalkura, and the other to become the everlasting consort of Loda; the "Daughter of the Moon." She has been the object of his quest for two centuries, through several reincarnations, "like a shadow ever beyond his reach." Now he proposes that she shall make "this man, this man shadow-thing, serve the way." She holds back, however, from according to his wishes, for she does not find the "heart's desire." Yet she is bound to his service, and promises to obey him.

Accordingly after a series of adventures, she succeeds, by a magic potion, in lulling his external consciousness to a lethean forgetting, and rouses in him the concept that he is Rama Lalkura of Bhaitypore. He in turn recognizes her as his bride of that far-off period, Soon-dai. But, alack, she who knows for others knows not for herself. More trials, other events occur, till in a hunt, he is in mortal peril from the quarry, and she rescues him by killing the animal. Then she finds out herself, and recognizes him as her lord and spouse. She can no longer keep her compact with Yah

Mohammed, and now "her wizardries had fallen from her like a garment."

The sequel is dramatic. As Yah Mohammed predicts: "he has not force enough to hold the body he has stolen; and by and by the rightful owner will come and sweep him out." A war ensues to regain the lost principality. He is conquered and wounded by Mohammed, whom he slays just after the former had fatally stabbed Soon-dai.

Then the prediction is fulfilled. The wounded man is conveyed back to his friends, forgetting all these adventures, and later, returns to England, "recovered mentally and physically."

The book richly repays the reader who prizes the mystic and occult, as well as the lover of romance.

THE NATURE OF MAN: STUDIES IN OPTIMISTIC PHILO-
SOPHY. By Elie Metchnikoff. English translation edited
by Charles Mitchell, M.A. Cloth, 309 pp., \$2.00. G. P.
Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

To those interested in the study of man this book will prove both piquant and instructive from the scientific viewpoint. The work "is addressed to disciplined minds and especially to biologists." Thus the author states it in his preface, and to give the reader some idea of the subject-matter we will say that Part I. treats of "Disharmonies in the nature of Man," and Part II. is devoted to "Attempts to diminish the ills arising from the Disharmonies of the Human Constitution." (Religious and Philosophical Systems.)

Under these divisions an exhaustive study of the nature of man is given, beginning with a survey of the lower forms of life up to "the larger problem."

The editor, in his introduction, gives an interesting biographical sketch of the distinguished author of this elaborate treatise. He says of him: "He is an expert of experts in the science of life, and has gained the right to a hearing by forty years of patient devotion and brilliant research. In the volume that he has now given to the public, he has addressed himself to the gravest and the most serious problems of humanity, to life and sex and death and the fear of death." Dr. Mitchell is an authority on natural sciences.

With this brief notice we commend the work to the interested reader.

SHAKESPEARE'S OTHELLO AND THE CRASH OF
CHARACTER. By William Miller, C.I.E., D.D., LL.D.
Paper, 108 pp., price one shilling. G. A. Natesen & Co.,
Esplanade, Madras, India.

In this book Dr. Miller makes a very careful analysis of the different characters of the play. His criticisms show the clear acumen

which one would expect from a mind trained to the study of the motives which govern human action and the defects of character which, if left to themselves, bring havoc to the life of the personality. He says: "Some portions of the moral laws at work in the world it is possible for us to trace and understand, and he (Shakespeare) gives us material help in doing so. Especially does he emphasize the law that when admission has once been given to evil, it is fitted, in its proper nature, to work illimitable loss and sorrow, even in those whom men deem worthy of far other fate. * * * The main warning of this story is that all men and women are exposed to the evil forces to which Othello and Desdmona succumb, and that the natural ending, if such forces have their way without restraint, is that they 'shall all likewise perish.'"

It would be a pleasure to quote further from this most interesting book, but we will content ourselves with giving Dr. Miller's concluding words: "Such is the tragedy of Othello. For those who study it thoughtfully as a whole, it is a revelation of forces which more or less strongly affect the inner life of every man, but which are too often unmarked or unregarded when they work under the disguise and amidst the entanglement of ordinary experience. The massive simplicity and terrible impressiveness with which these forces are disentangled here from all that is accidental or superficial will be held by those who read wisely to be full compensation for the pain which the study of so unrelieved a tragedy must cause to every one who has any sensitiveness or any sympathy."

THE GREAT PSYCHOLOGICAL CRIME: The Destructive Principle of Nature in Individual Life. Edited by Florence Huntley. Chicago, 1903.

This book, evidently the production of a Theosophist, has produced much disturbance among leading and reflective Spiritualists. It arraigns hypnotism as a violation of natural law, a breaking down of the barriers and safeguards which Nature has erected around every individual intelligence, a stripping of the subject of every valuable possession of the human soul, and rendering him powerless to control a single one of the primary faculties, capacities or powers of his being with which God or Nature originally invested him.

Spiritual mediumship, the author insists, does the same thing. It includes hypnotism and mesmerism, and with them the action of independent, spiritual intelligence operating from the spiritual plane of activity. "Its primary, motive power is the soul or intelligence of the dominating control." Its physical results are enumerated, being simple nervousness, nervous prostration, expenditure of the medium's vital energy. There are also loss of memory, inability to think logically, or give undivided attention. The medium becomes an irresponsible being; the animal nature preponder-

ates, the sexual passions become uncontrollable, hysteric, ungovernable temper is developed, and there is a great manifestation of dishonesty and fraud. As high as ninety-eight per cent. develop some form of moral degeneracy, and in no instance does the process develop marked individual improvement from a moral standpoint." Emotional religion, such as is exhibited in "records," comes in the same category as a form of such mediumship. The subject is one upon which the world in general needs exact and more definite information, and the time is coming when it will be demanded.

MULTIPLE PERSONALITY. By Boris Sidis, M.A., Ph.D., and Simon P. Goodhart, Ph.B., M.D. Cloth, 462 pp. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The first part of this interesting book treats in a general way of the different phases of Personality, under such headings as "Types of Neuron Organization," "The Attributes of Psychic Elements," "Representations and the Break-up of Personality," etc. In Part II. much space is given to a remarkable case of double personality which is "especially recommended to the reader's attention." This is known as the Hanna case.

Cases of double and multiple personality have been looked upon by the scientific world, as the author states, as rare exceptional phenomena to which science has no key. "Psychologists with one accord have passed the verdict: cases of multiple consciousness are exceptions to the law." But this theory is contradicted by Drs. Sidis and Goodhart thus: "Far from being mere freaks, monstrosities of consciousness, they are in fact shown to be necessary manifestations of the very constitution of mental life. *Multiple consciousness is not the exception, but the law. For mind is synthesis of many systems, of many moments' consciousness.* * * * Instead of being neglected by psychology, these phenomena, on the contrary, should form its very basis. *One great principle must be at the foundation of psychology, and that is the synthesis of multiple consciousness in normal, and its disintegration in abnormal mental life.*" The various cases cited in Parts II. and III. are full of interest and of a marked character, and analyzed under such headings as Secondary Personality, The Secondary Person, Manifold Personality, Secondary Infant Personality. The student of mind-phenomena will readily perceive that the book before us is well worth reading, and should have a place on his library table.